

T H E
BRITISH MERCURY.

CONTAINING

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| <p>1. The present State of the World, or a philosophical Inquiry into the Origin and Progress of Commerce, Literature, and Politics.</p> <p>2. The Brain Sucker, or the Distress of Authorship :</p> <p>3. Account of the Natives of Joanna, an Island in the African Seas :</p> <p>4. Songs of the Madecassi :</p> <p>5. Address to the King :</p> <p>6. The Birth-Day :</p> <p>7. Correspondence between a Chinese Philosopher, now in England, and a Mandarin at Pekin :</p> <p>8. Humorous Strictures on the Musical Festival at Westminster Abbey :</p> <p>9. General View of Affairs in the Summer of 1787 :</p> | <p>10. Humorous Account of the Reception which Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers met with at the Court of Hugo, Emperor of Constantinople :</p> <p>11. The Serpent that tempted Eve defined.</p> <p>12. La Bagatelle, containing many Original Bon Mots, J'eux d'Esprit, &c.</p> <p>13. On the late Commotions in Holland.</p> <p>14. On the late Conduct of Lord G. Gordon.</p> <p>15. On the Paintings exhibited in 1787.</p> <p>16. Critique on, and Extracts from the Loufiad, Irish Birth-Day Ode, King's Weston Hill, Nina, &c. &c.</p> <p>17. Curious Extracts from Foreign Publications, &c. &c.</p> |
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TO WHICH IS NOW ADDED,

The PRIESTS of APOLLO;
A SONG FROM THE ORIGINAL HEBREW.

Embellished with Three Caricature Prints,

EXHIBITING

*The Brain-Sucker, the British Lion, and Moses
erecting the Brazen Serpent in the Desert.*

A NEW EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. RIDGWAY, No. 1, York-street, St. James's-Square,
and L. MACDONALD, No. 454, opposite Villers-street, Strand.

M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN a person considers the many periodical productions which already solicit the attention of the Public, and languish in the market, he will be apt to condemn as superfluous the present enterprize, and to accuse us of temerity in daring to venture on a course where so many of our predecessors have failed of success. Our hopes of encouragement are founded on the novelty of our plan, and on the merits of execution. Among the multitude of magazines and other periodical papers that issue daily from the press, few are calculated to gratify the correct taste of those readers who consider books as the source of rational instruction or elegant amusement. Debased for the greater part by vulgar flippancy, or bound in buckram pedantry of style, and not less ridiculous for the matter they contain, than for the manner of execution, they seem admirably fitted to serve as covers for those fetid compositions of cookery, which their spinster-tutored pages so learnedly detail. The *British Mercury* (if the Editors abilities shall prove adequate to the execution of their plan) will present to the lovers of polite learning no nauseated morsel of literature, and afford to the severer studies of the scholar and man of letters no contemptible relaxation.

Resolved to stand or fall by the merits of the work alone, the Editors disdain to put in practice the modern arts of puffing, and scorn to court other patronage than the Public's, to whom their labours are devoted.

The following are the articles which this performance proposes to embrace.

I. Original essays in prose and verse, on history, politics, and the Belles Lettres in general.

II. New translations of the most admired monuments of Greek and Roman eloquence.

III. Extracts from, and sometimes entire translations of new books in the Italian and French languages, where they merit it by novelty of matter and superior elegance of style.

IV. Remarkable speeches of members of parliament on subjects of great national importance.

V. LA BAGATELLE, or current anecdotes, bon mots, epigrams, caricatures; whatever, in short, amuses at London or Paris the minds of the learned or polite world.

VI. Account of new plays and performers.

VII. Review of new publications of merit, musical performances, paintings, and prints.

VIII. List of new books, pamphlets, music, &c. published in Great Britain, France, &c.

IX. Parliamentary proceedings.

X. News.

From this variety of articles (which the reader no doubt is aware, cannot all enter into every Number of this work) the Editors will select whatever seems best suited to the moment, and shall endeavour to recommend by the charms of novelty every Number of this Performance.

Such is the extensive plan, which to accomplish, the Editors solicit earnestly the assistance of those who sacrifice to the Muses, and who join to a fund of information, force, elegance, and purity of style. They will ever be happy to usher into the world the infant efforts of GENIUS, whether she rushes a young eagle upon the wind, and dares with fearless wing the tempest, or tries a timid philomela her first flights, fearful of critic-blasts, and fluttering to every breath of envy and detraction.

But the puny tribe of acrostic, rebus, and ænigma manufacturers, are requested to deposit their tiny offerings elsewhere: ODI PROFANUM VULGUS & ARCEO, is the motto inscribed on the portal of this temple, which we dedicate to Mercury and the Muses.

As this work depends entirely upon its literary merit, we do not promise to call in often the foreign aid of engraving, with which so many periodical productions endeavour to captivate the Public. We shall give however, at times, a caricature, and sometimes an elegant engraving.

THE
BRITISH MERCURY.

No. I.—May 12, 1787.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE WORLD:

OR,

A PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN AND
PROGRESS OF COMMERCE, LITERATURE, AND PO-
LITICS, AND THEIR CONNECTION AND INFLUENCE
ON EACH OTHER.

WERE a politician and philosopher of an-
tient times to rise from the dead, and to
take a survey of the present state of the world,
the circumstance which would first attract his at-
tention, which would make the deepest impression
on his mind, and around which all other objects
would arrange themselves as their center of at-
traction, is the prevailing passion for commerce.
Commercial advantages are the great sources of
war, and the surest cement of peace. For these;
statesmen, princes, kings, and emperors, em-
ploy the whole extent of their capacities, and

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mass of their influence and power. For these they fight, they negotiate, they flatter, and deceive. Commercial advantage is considered as the supreme good of nations; the grand object to which all other considerations must give place; the end to which all inferior ends must be devoted and sacrificed. The progress of nations bears, in manifold instances, a striking analogy to that of human life. In infancy and childhood, an amiable simplicity, and few wants but what may be gratified without any pain or care, are nearly of kin to the innocence and ease of the earliest stages of the earliest families, tribes, and more extended societies of men, when in the genial and generative climates, whether of Asia, or the southern parts of Europe and the northern of Africa, or in Chili, Mexico, and Peru, they subsisted on the spontaneous productions of the earth, and lived even in harmony with the tame and domestic animals, being contented with the eggs of the feathered creation, and with the milk and fleeces of the fruitful fold. This golden age is more or less realized in every country, and perhaps in every age; since in every age nations, or more properly families and tribes of men, are, in some quarter or other of the earth, to be found in every one of the different stages from rudeness to refinement.

But as, on the approach of puberty and manhood, the appetites and passions of men grow stronger and stronger, and their wants are, of course, proportionably increased; so the passions
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and the wants of infant tribes and nations are increased also. They become hunters and fishers, and their blood being inflamed, as it were, by the pursuits and the conquests of the chase, like Nimrod, that ravager of early antiquity, they begin to hunt and to destroy one another. For now ideas of property prevail, men covet the same things : and among savages, the first efforts of rapacity and avarice are war and plunder. War, begun by rapacity, is inflamed by emulation and every angry passion ; and plunder, which was the first, becomes, not unfrequently, only the secondary object of contention.

Although war and bloodshed be the most obvious means by which different nations seek to acquire to themselves the property or possessions of others, yet are not these the only means. Ideas of bartering one thing for another, first spring up among individuals of the same nation, and are afterwards transferred to the dealings and intercourse of nations.

So extremely natural are ideas of barter or exchange to the human mind, that even children and school-boys, untaught and of their own accord, exchange with one another their sweetmeats and toys ; and thus, in their commercial intercourse, as well as in their quarrels, exhibit in miniature the passions and the pursuits which form and actuate mighty kingdoms and empires.

Whatsoever is most sought after becomes, in rude societies, the standard or rule by which the prices of all things are ascertained : beasts, gar-

ments, instruments of war, ornaments, and various articles of food and of intoxication. The precious metals are naturally adopted in the progress of commerce, as the easiest means of exchange and measure of the value of commodities. These metals are at first measured; and, as society advances, the trouble of admeasurement is saved, by a stamp impressed on a particular piece of metal, which we call a coin. All these facts are placed beyond all doubt, by written and by oral tradition, from the first records with which we are acquainted, the sacred scriptures, and the writings of Homer, down to the latest discoveries by our countrymen in the Pacific Ocean.

Thus it appears, that the great modes in which nations, if we may use the phrase, address and correspond with one another, are war and commerce. These, in every state, next to the political constitution, are the principal objects. And, to return once more to the comparison that has been instituted between the growth and advancement of individuals and of nations, as in the heat and fire of youth, men are prone to gratify their predominant passions at every risk, and to bear and tend in the most direct manner to their object; whereas, in more advanced years, they become more calm, cautious, and circumspect in their conduct, as well as comprehensive, both in the designs they have in view, and in the means by which they endeavour to accomplish them: so likewise civilized and polished nations do not hastily rush, like savages, into the field of battle,

battle, on every slight occasion of quarrel, but apply themselves, often, to bring about their ends by the artifices of intrigue and negotiation, or at least suspend the execution of their schemes until an opportunity occurs when they may execute them with advantage. We of the present age, according to the observation of the great Lord Bacon, are the true antients. The present is the most thoughtful, the most refined, the most circumspect, and political age, that the world has ever known, and the most liberal and enlarged in its views and designs. Accordingly, whereas, in former times, kings and heroes placed, like young men eager to prove their personal valour and strength in arms, their glory in conquest and devastation, the rulers of the present times are chiefly attentive to the arts of peace, because these, not the most heroic efforts of war, constitute the real strength or resources of a nation: which may be reduced to three heads, Wealth, Revenue, and Population. These, in the present advanced state of art, not the greatest courage or military skill alone, are the greatest and surest resources in both offensive and defensive war; they enable the contending parties, by fresh supplies of men and of ammunition, and all necessary provisions, to weary out the adversity of fortune. They multiply advantages and chances in making attacks, and form the surest bulwarks against foreign invasion. In making an estimate, indeed of the comparative strength of nations, respect is to be had to the *manners*, as well as to the

the wealth and numbers of any people : since an enervated and unwarlike race of men, however numerous, and however rich, is but poorly protected by foreign mercenaries. But it is sufficient to our present purpose to observe, that a superiority in numbers, wealth, and revenue, are sufficient to cast the balance in favour of any nation, all other circumstances being equal. With regard to the question concerning the advantage, of virtue over riches, of steel over gold, that is not the subject now under consideration : although we may observe, as we go along, that that prince is the wisest politician, who aims, like the late immortal King of Prussia, to promote at once the population, the wealth, and the hardy virtue of his people, by agriculture, by manufactures, and by military discipline ; to convert, as it were, his kingdom into one spacious and fortified camp, occupied by an agricultural militia.

It is not, however, a regard to natural strength and security alone, it is not the consideration that money is the grand sinew and support of war only, that diverts, in so eminent a degree, the modern nations from war to peace, from the dangers and the glories of the field of battle, to the pleasures and emoluments of peace and commerce. In order to find out the causes of this phenomenon, and of the most prominent features in the present countenance or aspect of human affairs, let us trace, from the first documents of history, the gradual operation of certain principles in the constitution of man ; the effects of these as they have

have been influenced by circumstances and situations, and by those various discoveries and accidents, which have, especially in these latter ages, produced such important moral and political revolutions.

The force or *impetus* of the mind, which is one simple and undivided substance, is directed to four different objects: animal pleasure; social pleasure; superiority or distinction; and the attainment of knowledge. Let us consider briefly the uniform operation of the passions that urge us onward in the pursuit of these, amidst the vicissitudes of nations, and the effects they have produced on the present political system of the world.

There is a pleasure, according to some observers on Nature, in mere existence and good health; and this they conceive to be the pleasure of the lowest orders of animals, as oysters, and other shell-fish, devoid of the power of self-motion and of every other sense, besides that of touch. It is evident, that it is impossible to influence such beings by any other medium than that of administering or depriving them of the juices which furnish their ordinary nourishment: they are wholly beyond the reach of luxury and refinement, and obstinately adhere to the state and position in which they were originally placed by the hand of Nature. But animals endowed, besides the sense of touch, with that of smelling, tasting, hearing, and seeing, become members of a very extensive system, and are capable of being influenced by a vast variety of objects, and under-

undergoing many changes and deviations from the simplest state of existence. A dog, for example, a carnivorous animal that naturally roams through the woods and forests in quest of prey, is, through the medium of his senses, domesticated and adopted, as it were, into the society of man. He changes his natural habits and inclinations; he lives on other food than flesh; he foregoes the pleasures and the fatigues of the chase; he becomes the guardian of the very flock his nature prompts him to attack and devour; and is, in all things, obedient to the command of his master. Is it not natural, therefore, to imagine, that the pleasures and the pains of sense, a desire after the former, and an aversion to the latter, must alter the condition and character of man, placed in a situation so highly elevated above that of the most sagacious of the brute creation, and that commands a sphere, replete with so many objects of sense to be pursued, and to be avoided? Thus even in the lowest principles of their mind, even in sensation itself, mankind have in their nature the seeds of improvement, and of progression from rudeness to delicacy of taste. The pleasures of luxury lead on to the profits of commerce: for without the latter, the former cannot be attained. The delicacy and the industry of men being once awakened, and mutually acting, and re-acting on each other, carry them on to still farther and farther improvements in all the branches of foreign as well as of domestic trade and manufactures. Luxury, even of the lowest kind, the
luxury

luxury even of the table, and of commodious accommodation in cloaths, houses, and various kinds of furniture and equipage, rouses men from their natural indolence, and presenting the more opulent part of the nation with objects of luxury which they never before dreamed of, excites in them a desire of a more pleasurable way of life than what their ancestors ever enjoyed.

But all the excitement of this lower species of luxury is extremely insignificant to that *stimulus* to industry, which is occasioned by the social principles in our nature, and our natural love of superiority and distinction. The most splendid tables, furniture and equipage, the richest dress, the most costly jewels, lose all their relish, and sicken and wither in the languishing and satiated eye of the indifferent possessor, if his vanity is not kept alive and supported by the sympathy, and admiration, and even envy of his fellow men. These give the true relish to the sumptuous banquet, in the judgment of him who bestows it : these give all its brilliancy to the most magnificent apparel, and all its lustre to the ruby and diamond.

Now this luxury or delicacy of taste in matters of sense ; this social reference of every thing to the judgment and sympathy, and participation of our fellow-men : all these principles of industry and commerce undoubtedly existed in antient times, and in the middle ages, as well as at the present moment. That ardour of trade, therefore, which distinguishes the present generation,

is to be accounted for, not by these principles taken alone, but by these as they are modified by other circumstances. Men are not now more sensual, more gay, more social, or more vain, than they were in former times: but men and nations, with all the principles and passions about them that ever impelled mankind to the various exertions of industry, have, at the present moment, more experience than their ancestors, more knowledge, more freedom. The aggregate or united force of superior experience, knowledge, and liberty, superadded to the natural sensuality, sociability, and ambition of human nature, is the cause why the present age is distinguished from all others, by an ardent pursuit of commerce; and why princes and kings appear in the characters of carriers, shop-keepers, and ship-masters.

(To be continued.)

THE BRAIN-SUCKER:
OR,
THE DISTRESS OF AUTHORSHIP.
A Serio-Comic Caricature.

In a Letter from Farmer HOMELY to an absent Friend.

My dear Friend,

I HAVE at length found out, and brought back to his paternal cottage, my unfortunate son Dick. Thou knowest, that about nine months ago he stole away from us, and left his poor mother

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Designed & Etched for the



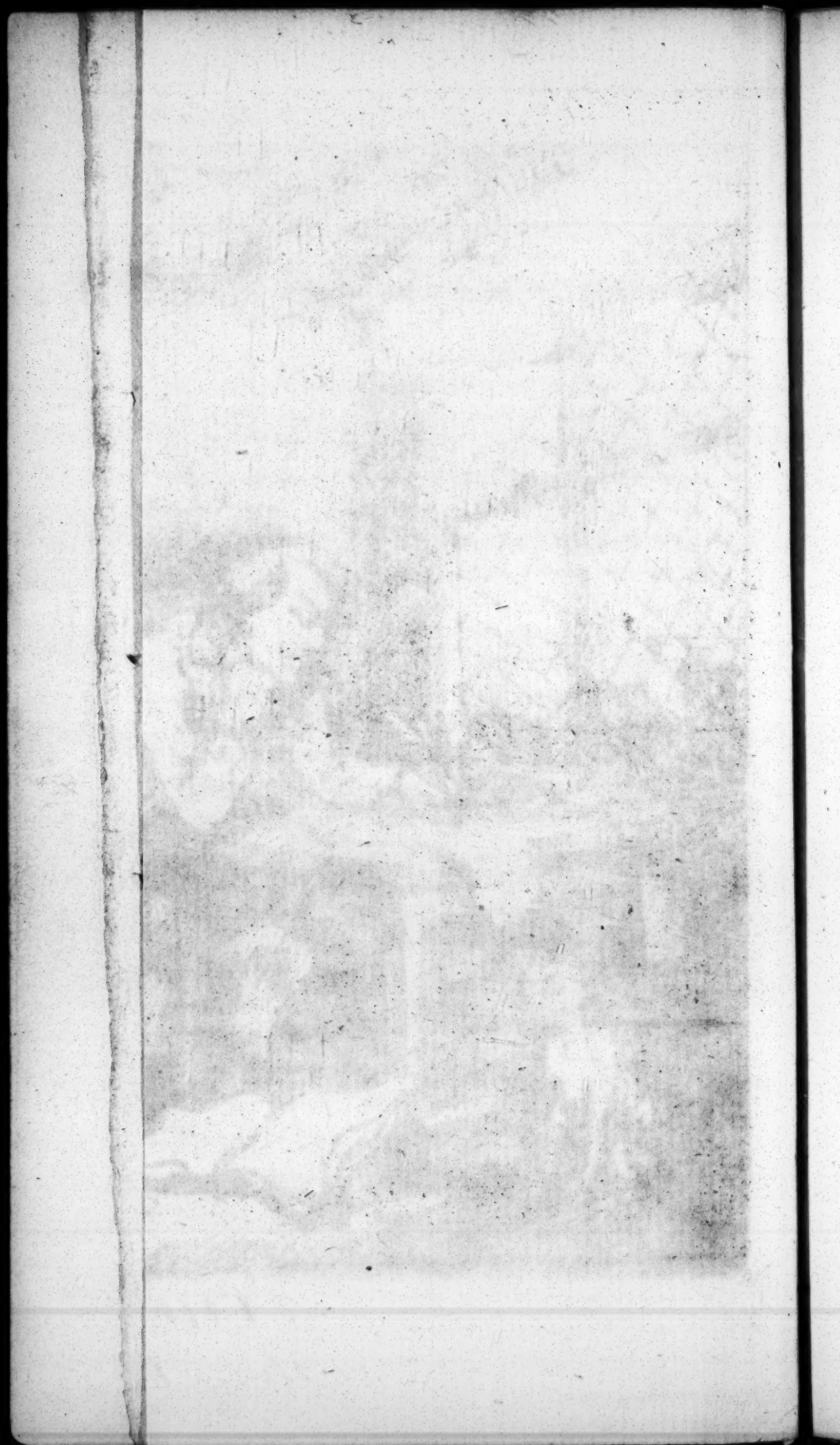
*THE BRAIN
or the Miseries of*

d for the British Mercury.



*AIN-SUCKER,
of O Authorship?*

Published May 9. 1767.



ther and I lamenting our misfortune and anxious for his fate. For some time before his departure, he had betrayed the strongest symptoms of insanity. He no longer minded his business with that attention, for which he had formerly few equals. If he followed the plough, his furrows were crooked and unequal: if he scattered the seed, 'twas with a careless and uneven hand, pouring profusely on some spots, and passing over others totally unpensioned. Sometimes he stopt short, in the midst of his occupation—stared—grin'd—giggled—ran, for some moments, with the greatest rapidity, and then returned with a grave and solemn step! Sometimes he looked up, with a contumacious countenance, towards heaven, shaking, with impious audacity, his clenched fist; at other times his arms were folded on his breast, his eyes fixed melancholy on the ground, and the tears trickled down his cheek. His conversation and manner of speech became wonderfully changed. He invented for every thing a new name. The birds that whistled in the wood, were the “syrens of the grove.” The cats that caterwaulled, under our window, “were demons vile from hell, an hateful crew.” He contracted also a shocking habit of telling with pleasure the most egregious falsehoods, or *transmogrifications*, as he called them: as for example; how that Midas, a great king of Cassiteria,* and pretended patron

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of

* He means Phrygia, no doubt. Cassiteria, or the land of tin, is the antient name of Britain, on whose august throne no Midas ever sat.

of music, was discovered by his shaver, to have
 af's ears ; that the north wind had committed
 with a young Trojan, the reproach of Sodom
 and Gomorrah ; and that Endymion, the man of
 the moon, sometimes descended in the night, and
 inhumanly filled with moonshine, Dian, the mil-
 ler's maid, as she slept, unguarded girl, on the
 grass.

He became also exceedingly superstitious, sup-
 posing that the woods were frequented by familiar
 wizards, or rural gods as he called them ; nymphs,
 pans, and satyrs, whom he described under forms
 the most fantastic. Nay, every tree he believed
 was animated by a certain species of beings,
 whom he calls, Hamadryades. And one day, when
 my Lord Noodle's wood-cutter was felling in the
 forest a few trees, my son ran towards him, threw
 himself on his knees, and joining his hands to-
 gether, O ! desist, he exclaimed, in a piteous
 tone --!O ! desist, in the name of heaven and earth !
 in the name of whatever is worshipful and holy !
 desist from violating the sacred dwellings of the
 nymphs, from inflicting such inhuman gashes on
 the harmless Hamadryades, whose funereal shrieks
 carry consternation through the grove, awaken
 Echo terrified through all her haunts, and excite
 to sounds of pity the very rocks !

Moved, terrified, thunderstruck by the tone of
 voice, by the manner and matter of this address,
 the peasant threw down, hastily, the axe, and
 said, trembling, " he hoped as how the Almighty
 would forgive him on the day of judgment, if he
 had

had been guilty of a crime, for he was a poor illiterate peasant ; and the parson had never told him as how that trees had a soul to be saved." At this instant, my Lord Noodle happened to pass by, and after hearing the matter, ordered the wood-cutter to recommence his work, and dismissed my son, with the greatest indignity and derision. Dick revenged his cause, and the cause of the Hamadryades, by a copy of verses, in which he called his lordship Goth and Vandal, and other hard names ; for which his enraged honour would have taken away my farm, but for the good offices of my friend the butler, who has a great deal of influence with Dorothy the cook, at whom his lordship has been casting a sheep's eye for some time past.

My son, as thou knowest, was wont to be very sober, and was never seen, at an unseasonable hour, absent from home. But now, he frequently staid abroad all night ; and when we asked him in the morning where he had been, he replied, sometimes he had been dancing by the light of Cynthia's lamp, with the Cytherian Goddess, the Graces and Woodland Nymphs. At other times he had followed, he said, the tyger-drawn car of thigh-born Bacchus, attended by shouting troops of satyrs, nymphs, and rural gods. Their amusement consisted, chiefly, as far as I could understand him, in dancing and drinking. Each man and god shook with much enthusiasm a certain rod, which he terms *Thrustus*.* The

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* He meant no doubt to say *Thyrse*.

fewd nymphs administered to lubberly satyrs lascivious flagellation. Their music consisted mostly of Hibernian hautbois, and their orgies, as he calls them, commonly ended in an Irish brawl.

And, in effect, at such times he appeared, as it were, astonished, his countenance was wild and staring, like a person's intoxicated, and his body and visage bore the marks of much beating. He has been seen also by the peasants, scampering wildly through the woods, and the horror-struck hamlet have heard him howling through the night a mad song, of which, from their uncommon insanity, the following lines were distinguishable.

For peerless bards like these alone,
The bards of Greece might best adorn,
With seemly song, the monarch's natal morn;
Who thron'd in the magnificence of peace,
Rivals their richest regal theme,
Who rules a people like their own,
In arms, in polish'd arts supreme;
Who bids his Britain vie with Greece.*

Now I have often been tempted to suppose, that those extraordinary beings, who, in this manner, enticed my son amongst them, were no other than devils incarnate. For first the figure of those satyrs, as he described it, is exactly the proper and natural satanic form; and then as to the Graces and Goddesses, and Woodland Nymphs, who according to his account are exceedingly

* See last Birth Day Ode.

ceedingly beautiful, the devil can put on, when he pleases, the appearance of an angel of light, which farmer Turnip, who married lately *Jane Imperious*, the fairest lass and greatest vixen in our village, now knows to his cost.

Parson Split-text, however, to whom I communicated my sentiments on this head, is by no means of my opinion.——“ Amongst the burlesque groupe of beings with whom your son was attached,” says he, “ an afs, according to his account, was no uncommon appearance. Now an afs is a sacred and holy animal, over which the powers of hell have no dominion. Baalam’s afs discovered the angel, that was invisible to his ryder; Jesus Christ entered Jerusalem riding on an afs; and riding on an afs, saith the Revelations, shall return on the last day, to destroy Anti-Christ, and to batter the whore of Babylon on all her seven hills. An afs,” continued the learned advocate of the long-eared species, “ is an animal highly favoured by heaven, both in natural endowments and in the dispensations of fortune. In natural gifts what animal can compare with an afs? By their resemblance to which, in that respect, the Egyptians, as Jeremiah laments, were so dear to the daughters of Jerusalem. And as to exterior advantages, observe when Fortune scatters her favours among the crowd, and you will see Providence picking up, as they fall, every mitre, crown and coronet, and placing them on the head of an afs.”

There

There is in the deserts of Arabia a species of wild asses, who, as the prophet Virgil informs us, conceive by the *spirit* alone, and bring forth without the assistance of the male;* a privilege never granted but to one alone of the human race. Nay, the very Pagans were so strongly impressed with an idea of the divinity of this animal, that they chose in preference to all other animals, an ass to carry their holy mysteries; and certainly there is no animal so *mysterious* as an ass, no animal so *patient of holy mysteries* as an ass. “For thou art an ass, (exclaims the Impostor Mahomet apostrophizing enigmatically the human race,†

* Continuoque avidis ubi subdita flamma medullis
Vere magis, (quia vere calor redit ossibus) illæ,
Ore omnes versa in zephyrum stant rupibus altis
Exceptanque leves auras : & sæpe, finè ullis
Conjugiis, vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu)
Saxa par & scopulos & depressas convalles
Diffugiunt.

GEORGICON, Lib. 3.

But with Parson Split-text's leave, these lines of the Prophet Virgil, as he affectedly, I hope not profanely, calls him, have no reference whatever to a *she-ass of Arabia*, but to certain coursers, to whom this windy or spiritual conception is attributed.

† This in all probability was the animal that carried the Impostor to Paradise; an animal, as he describes it in the Koran, half ass, half mule. And, indeed, it is an animal obstinate in error, but open to the wiles of knavery, and easily seduced to the paths of folly. The poor creature has been horribly hacked since the beginning of time, in carrying to Paradise, or the regions of immortality, heroes, prophets, legislators, &c. Sometimes a rascal, who had sold, for a
dirty

in the 19th chap. of the Koran) for thou art a patient Jack-ass of the valley, and upon this ass I will build my church, and the powers of wicked wit shall not prevail against it."† But forgive, my friend, the digressive loquacity of a crazy old man.—I return to my son.

The commencement of Dick's distemper may be dated from the arrival of farmer Tinsel's son George, who paid us a visit a few months ago. This youth, who had been educated at Cambridge, communicated to my son all the learned maggots with which his own brain was

dirty fee, the freedom of his country, rode with insolence on its back. Sometimes, decorated with the title of Conqueror, and streaming with the blood of the human race, a ruthless ruffian drove, with iron rod, the crouching ass up the paths of Fame. At others, a bold Impostor seized the reins, and tickling and terrifying by turns the ass's ears, spurred him, like a winged Pegasus, to the regions of glory everlasting. Nay, we have sometimes seen a Poet, a Stage-dancer, a Hero, and a Fidler, mount him unmercifully all together, and ride him post-haste to immortality.—Mr. Hastings, it is said, had some time ago great hopes of riding this poor ass, in quality of GREAT MAN; but the creature grown refractory, has given him a fall, and kicks at present most malevolently at all his attempts to get upon his back. However, if the mighty ROHILLOPHONOS cannot ride the popular Ass to the regions of immortality, there is no doubt of his escaping on the Queen's Ass to the city of refuge.

† The beauty of this passage depends upon a pun in the original, which cannot be translated. *Hamor*, in Arabic, signifies literally an ass, and metaphorically, a stone.

was infected. At his departure he left with my son a few books, which served to nourish and increase the disorder. Observing their detested effect on his understanding, I committed them to the flames. For the first time, my son dared to open his lips against his father; for the first time, my ears were offended by the harsh sounds of filial reproach. A few days after this affair he quitted, unobserved, the paternal nest. Conceive my friend, if you can, the consternation of a father, the loud and dolorous lamentation of a fond mother at the flight of her only child. The whole village were sharers in our sorrow, for Dick had endeared himself to his fellows by a frank, generous, friendly disposition; and every girl in the parish lamented his loss; for besides his natural gallantry, he was tall, handsome, of a happy physiognomy, a certain venereal fire emanated irresistibly from his black eyes, and a broader pair of shoulders few Hibernians could boast. Nancy was unconsolable; Nancy, the lovely brunette, who was wont to be the joy of his heart, the object of his fondest hopes; her loud and frantic grief, which prudence in vain laboured to restrain, terminated at length in silent but consumptive despondency, *in green and yellow melancholy*. Various were the conjectures which we formed as to the route he had taken, and the way of life he had embraced. Sometimes we imagined that he had enlisted in a troop of strolling players; at others, we supposed that

that he had emigrated to Heliconia, Pindus, or Parnassus, those foreign countries, whose outlandish praises were perpetual in his mouth.

A letter from him, at London, about three months after his departure, relieved us from this uncertainty. "He was sensibly affected," he said, "by the stab which his abrupt departure must have given to the parental bosom; but that he could resist no longer the powerful vocation of Phœbus, the deity to whom, in future, the labours of his life should be devoted. Tell my lovely Nancy," he proceeds, "that from her presence nothing could have divorced me, except the more attractive allurements of the *sisters nine*, in whose good graces, at length, all my wishes are absorbed."

Conceive if you can, my dear friend, the horror, the anguish of my soul, when I learned from his own mouth, as it were, that my son had forsaken the faith of his forefathers, turned Saracen, and lived in a state of incest with *nine sisters*!

This sad piece of intelligence threw his poor mother into a violent brain fever, from which she did not recover for seven months. As soon as the state of her health permitted me to leave her, I posted up to London, in order, if possible, to reclaim this abandoned boy, or rather to cure him of a fatal distemper that had unhinged his understanding, and caused his afflicted parents to press with hurried steps to the grave.

I spent

I spent several days in London in fruitless enquiries after my son. I learned at length the place of his residence. I posted immediately to Grub-street.—I hurried up seven pair of stairs, while a hundred various sensations agitated my breast; indignation at his imprudence, pity for his misfortune, and joy at the idea of pressing once more in my arms my darling boy.

But permit, me my dear friend, to throw a veil over a scene of wretchedness undescribable, that stared me in the face as I entered the room. I pulled the latch—the door creaked upon its hinge—my son started terrified—he turned upon me his hollow eyes, astonished and ashamed—his voice issued from his famished jaws faltering and faint. “My father! my father!” he cried.—“My son! my son!” I exclaimed, and fell upon his neck, and we wept bitterly, and our mingled tears watered the floor. I raised him, a poor, feeble, emaciated creature from the floor, I led him tottering down stairs, I helped him into a hackney coach, and we drove to the tavern where I lodged. No sooner had I alighted when I ordered a copious repast to be made ready with the greatest dispatch. All this while we had not uttered a single syllable. My son sat on the side opposite to me, his face between the palms of his hands, and reclined on the table. The smell of dinner getting ready began to operate on his organs.—He raised his head—the dinner was coming
up
.

up stairs—he rose from the table—he rushed with frantic appetite to the door, as the cook was entering the room. The terrified Frenchman dropped from his hand a bason of turtle soup, and falling on his knees, entreated forgiveness, “ Ayez de pitie sur moi, me vill bring a de roast beef presentie—me vill bringa de roast beef presentie,” he cried, for he imagined that the famished savage’s fury was occasioned by his introducing a dish so little suited to the keenness of his stomach. Heedless of the cook’s protestations, Dick threw himself prone upon his belly, and began to lap like a dog the soup, as it ran fat and filthy on the floor.—The waiter brought in a shoulder of mutton, which he snatched with starved avidity, tore like a famished wolf, and finished in the twinkling of an eye; twenty successive plates were ushered in, and vanished in a moment. The waiter and I stood blessing ourselves, and rubbing our eyes with incredulous amazement.

At length when he had made an end of about twenty pounds of butcher’s meat, and drank a proportionable quantity of strong beer, we ventured to raise him from the floor, saturated like Mesallina, but not satisfied with flesh. I sent for a barber to shave him, and called for a bason of warm water to wash his hands and face; a task which was not effected without difficulty: for the collected filth of several months had formed on his hands a crust like an allegator’s scales, his face intersected with frequent lines of party-coloured

loured nastiness, resembled a map of the terraqueous globe ; and Susan rubbing her eyes and yawning early on a winter morning, might have mistaken for a frozen mop his beard, prominent as it was, and matted with filth. I filled him a few glasses of port wine, and began to enquire his adventures.

“ Soon after I arrived in this city,” he said, “ to which by the rage of scribbling I was unhappily seduced, I fell into the hands of a certain bookseller, who was distinguished in the literary world by the appellation of the Brain-Sucker. He hired for me a garret in Grub-street, at eighteen pence a week. Here I laboured almost night and day under his direction ; spinning out my brains in odes, epigrams, satire, panegyric, composing the nosegay of flattery, or pointing the bidden abuse, just as it pleased the meanness or malevolence of my employer. Meanwhile, my situation was far from being comfortable. The holes and delapidations in the roof of my garret admitted the rude invasion of Boreas, not less than the gentle visitations of Apollo ; and my salary, which did not amount to a moiety of the pay of a journeyman taylor, was hardly sufficient to prevent a divorce between soul and body. In fact, my diet consisted chiefly of water-gruel, tea, and similar fops, which, promoting a pernicious wakefulness of mind, weakened and diluted the constitution. I sometimes remonstrated on this head with my tyrant ; but in answer to my complaints, he generally brought forward
the

the noted maxim of a celebrated Parnassian physician,*

Poets and painters never should be fat :

contended that hunger was the greatest sharpener of wits, and that leanness and want were the only paths to the temple of immortality. In fact, had you delayed your visit but a few days longer, I should by this time have been immortal. But while I starved in my melancholy tenement, on the productions of my brain, the bookseller was accumulating money from several of my happier pieces, which had the good fortune to be acceptable to the public. I wished much to emancipate myself from his tyranny—But how was this to be done? He had advanced me money, had fixed me by engagements, had secured me by bonds, body, and brains ; in short, I was his property and whatever—(*To be continued.*)

* Peter Pindar, Esq.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Yesterday evening was acted for the second time, and received with universal applause, the Distressed Baronet, a farce by the author of Gretna Green. The opposition made to this piece on its first performance, proceeded from the sapient sons of Themis, who felt themselves galled by several satyric darts directed rather too pointedly at the arts of their profession. Mr. Stuart, convinced how dangerous it was to offend so formidable a body, has reformed the exceptionable parts of his performance, and has even fitted the attorney with what some profane wags may call a new character, that of an *honest man*.

This piece possesses a considerable share of the *vis comica*, and bids fair to become in future a favourite with the public.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

[We do not mean in our concise but comprehensive account of parliamentary proceedings to narrate any debates but such as refer to objects of national importance. Our political annals will exhibit to the intelligent Reader, in a style clear tho' laconic, the successive movements by which the Constitution of this Country verges towards Despotism, or reverts to Independence.]

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Wednesday, May 2.

Parliamentary Reform.—Mr. Sawbridge made his annual motion for a parliamentary reform. Motion lost by a majority of 44.

Post Horse Farming Tax.—The arguments made use of in support of the bill by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the members of that party, were, the necessity of putting a stop to the frauds committed on the revenue, in the collection of the post horse duty; a purpose which the bill in question was admirably calculated to effect.

Mr. Fox, on the other hand, and his party, contended, that no measure could militate stronger against the constitution of a free country, than the tax proposed. It was impossible to collect the revenues through the medium of farmers-general, without exposing the people to the most atrocious oppression. The French themselves, from whom this tyrannic system was borrowed, had found it highly odious in its principle, and oppressive in its execution. By what madness then were the ministers of this country impelled, when they endeavoured to impose on a free people, a system of oppression intolerable even to slaves?

The

The second reading of the bill was carried however, by a majority of 67.

Thursday, May 3.

Passed the Scotch Judicature Bill. Nothing else of public moment transacted.

Friday, May 4.

Prince of Wales.---The preliminary business being over, the Speaker called on the hon. gentleman who had proposed the motion.

Mr. Alderman Newnham immediately arose and said, "I am extremely happy that the motion which I was to bring forward this day, is now no longer necessary; and I can assure the house, that it is with the most cordial and perfect satisfaction that I withdraw it.

Mr. Drake expressed his happiness on the turn which the business had taken.

Mr. Pitt said, that no member of that house felt greater satisfaction than he did on the compromise that had taken place.

Mr. Fox joined with much energy in the general voice of congratulation. He expressed a wish, however, that this avowal of reconciliation would not terminate in *loose promises* or *general expressions*, but would manifest itself in such *substantial acts*, as would preclude the necessity of any further discussion of the subject.

Mr. Sheridan wished it to be understood, that although his Royal Highness felt exceedingly satisfied with the turn which affairs had taken, yet did he also wish it to be distinctly remembered, that no attempt had been made to screen from the view of parliament any part of his conduct, or situation; that he had even offered to answer himself any question that could be put to him. That no such enquiry had been adopted, was a circumstance that did credit to the decorum, the feelings, and the dignity of parliament; but while his Royal Highness's feelings had no doubt been consulted on the occasion, he must take the liberty of saying, however some might think it a subordinate consideration, that *there was another person* entitled, in every delicate and honourable

mind, to the same attention ; one whom he would not venture otherwise to describe or allude to, than by saying, it was a name which malice or ignorance alone could attempt to injure, and whose character and conduct claimed, and were entitled to the most profound respect.

Adjourned to Monday.

Tuesday, May 8.

Third reading of the bill for farming the duties on post horses appointed on Thursday.

East India Budget.---Mr. Dundas (after the house had resolved itself into a committee) began a long and complicated statement of the Company's affairs at home and abroad. He asserted, that deducting the expenditure of the Company from their revenue, there remained a clear surplus of one hundred and eighty-five lacks of rupees ; and that the whole of the Company's debts at home and abroad, might be liquidated and paid by the year 1796.

Mr. Francis was astonished that the hon. gentleman who had formerly boasted that this should be a *proud day*, should now talk only of *consolation* and *promise*. One of the *consolations* that he had found in the affairs of the India Company, was, that they were nine millions in debt in Bengal, which was stating the Bengal debt much higher than ever he had heard it stated. Another consolation was, that thirty lacks of rupees were to be sent from Bengal to Bombay, to which seventeen lacks only were used to be sent. He contended that there was no surplus of the revenues of Bengal, but rather a considerable excess of expenditure ; and this he maintained, appeared evidently on the face of the accounts upon the table.

Wednesday, May 9.

Report of the Secret Committee, containing Articles of Impeachment against Warren Hastings, Esq.

The Order of the Day for the further consideration of the Report of the Secret Committee appointed to draw up Articles of Impeachment against Warren Hastings, Esq. being moved and read, it was moved, " That this Report be read a second time."

Lord

Lord Hood opposed the motion, and was seconded by

Alderman Wilkes, who proposed an amendment, "That the Report be read a second time that day three months."—The arguments which the advocates of Mr. Hastings made use of in his defence were, as usual, that he had not been guilty of misdemeanor; or admitting the criminality of some of his measures, and the atrocious cruelty with which several of his actions were marked, yet, that such had been the state necessity of the times; such the general uprightness of his conduct; such the advantages that this country had derived from his great abilities and meritorious services in the East, as not only to obliterate his partial misconduct, but even to demand a tribute of applause from his country, and of honour from his Sovereign.

The accusers of Mr. Hastings contended, on the contrary, that no necessity of state whatsoever could excuse the flagitious cruelty of his conduct; that he had been guilty of the most wanton and unprovoked acts of barbarity; that he had vilified, by the most abandoned venality, the name and government of England; and that nothing could be more problematical than the merit which he assumed in appeasing the storms which laid waste the provinces of India; storms that he himself had excited by a policy the most sinister; wars that he had wilfully provoked, to gratify a rage of avarice, which not all the wealth of Hindostan could glut.

The House divided on the word *now* standing part of the question, when the numbers were, *Ayes* (for the Report being *now* read a second time) 175. *Noes* 89.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Thursday, May 10.

Impeachment.—Mr. Burke, attended by the Committee (appointed to draw up the Articles of Impeachment of High Crimes and Misdemeanors against Warren Hastings, Esq.) and a great number of other Members of the House of Commons, went to the House of Peers, and the Lord Chancellor being come to the bar, Mr. Burke addressed his Lordship in the following words:

"My

" My Lord;

" I am commanded, in the name of the House of Commons, and of all the Commons of Great Britain, to impeach Warren Hastings, Esq. late Governor-General of Bengal, of High Crimes and Misdemeanors, and to acquaint the Lords, that the Commons will, with all convenient speed, exhibit articles against him, and make good the same."

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Impeachment of Warren Hastings, Esq.—After the Articles of Impeachment were all read, amended, and agreed to, Mr. Burke moved, that " Warren Hastings, Esq. be impeached of High Crimes and Misdemeanors." The friends of Mr. Hastings concurred in the Impeachment, as the only means of rescuing from calumny so worthy, so great, and amiable a character.

The question was carried. And Mr. Burke, on a motion of Mr. Frederick Montague to that purpose, acquainted the House of Lords of this resolution, as already related.

Friday, May 11.

Farming the Post-horse Duty.—Third reading of the Bill.—To this most pernicious and unconstitutional Bill a vigorous opposition was made by the Country Gentlemen.

On the question being put, the House divided—

<i>Ayes</i>	-	-	116
<i>Noes</i>	-	-	56

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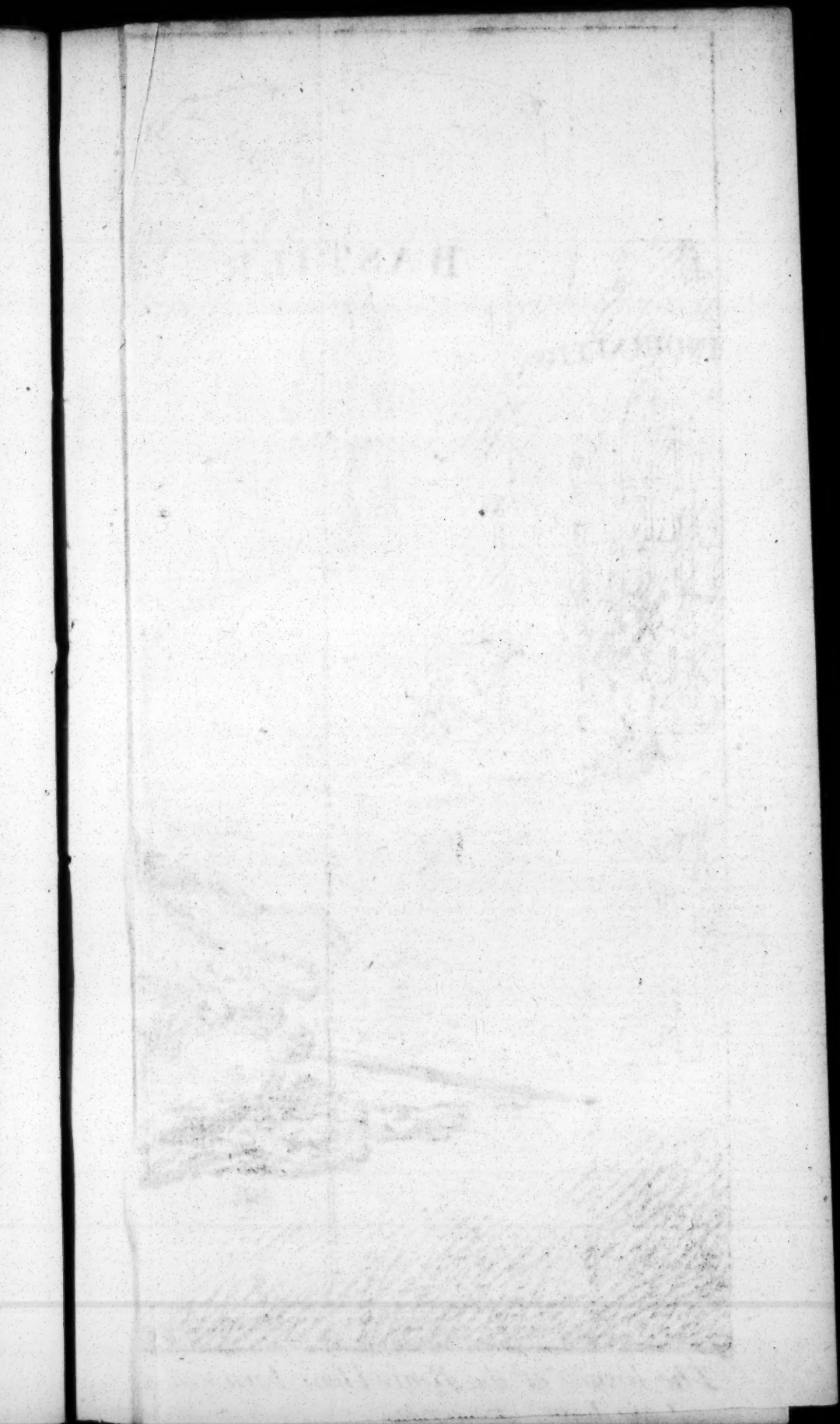
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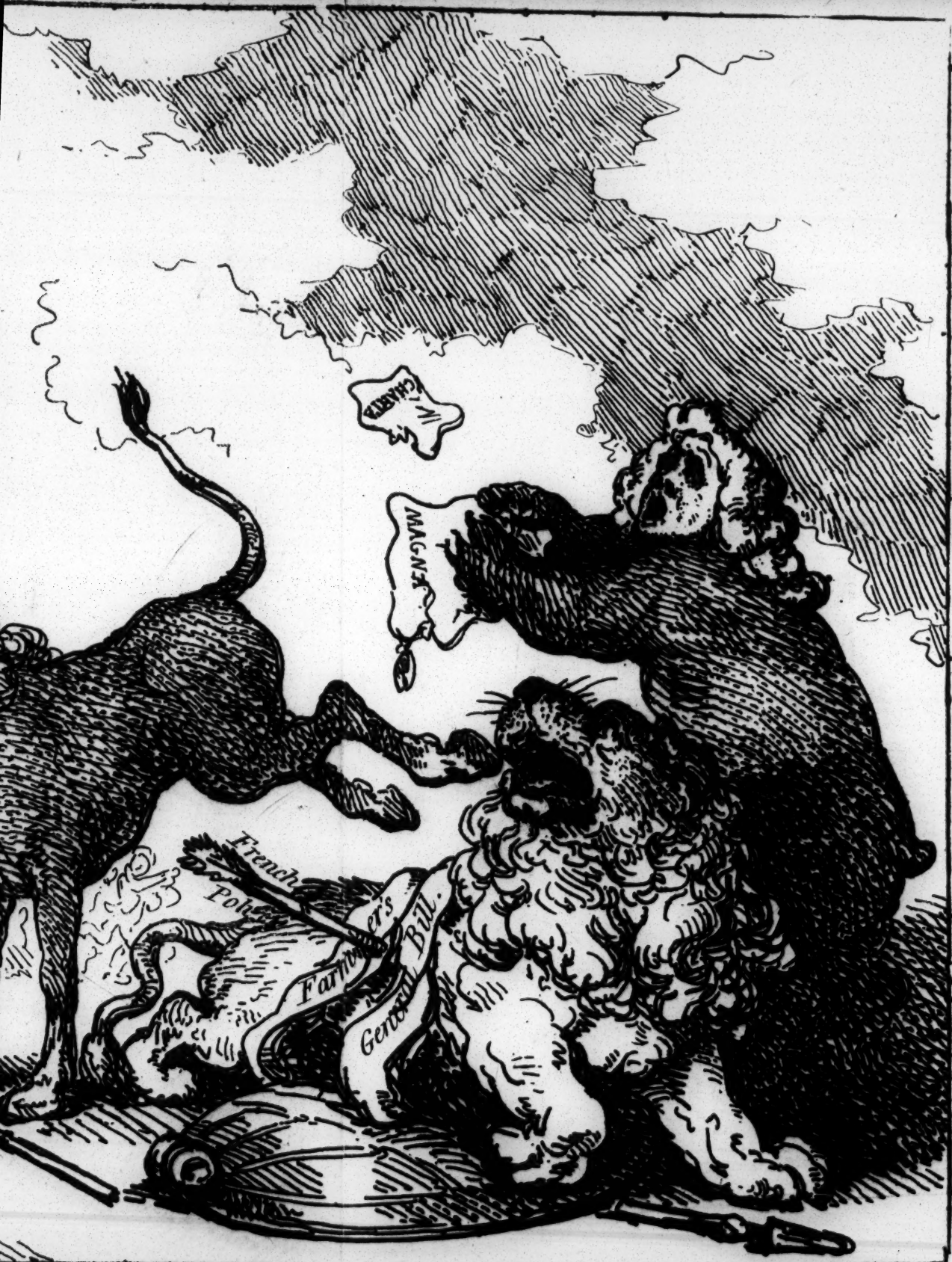
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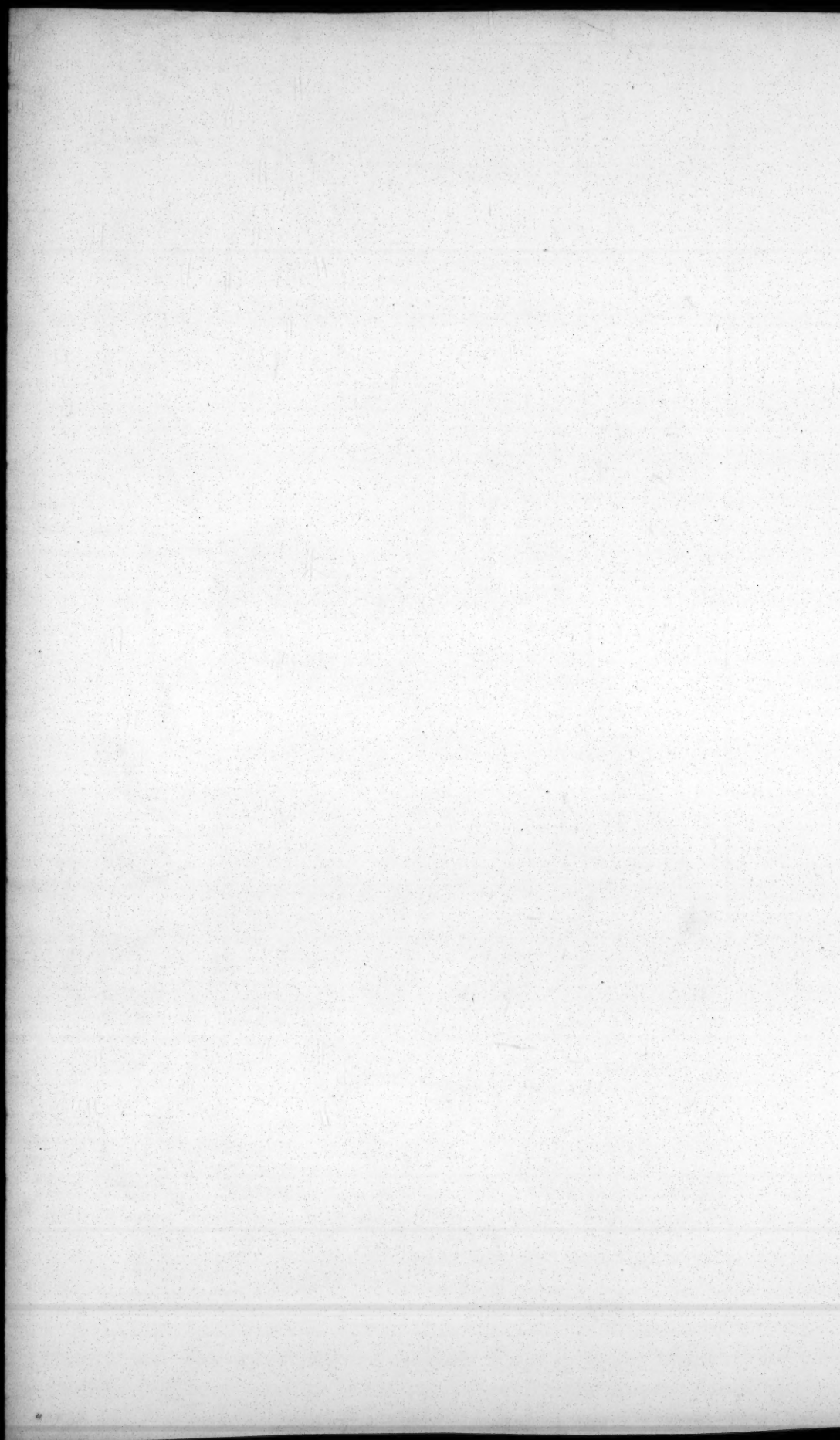




*The Insults of the Brave I have born with some degree of patience, but thus
I can bear. Esop's Fables*



but thus to expire spurned by an Afs. said the agonizing Lion, is more than



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But the puny tribe of acrostic, rebus, and ænigma manufacturers, are requested to deposit their tiny offerings elsewhere: ODI PROFANUM VULGUS & ARCEO, is the motto inscribed on the portal of this temple, which we dedicate to Mercury and the Muses.

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BRITISH MERCURY.

No. II.—May 26, 1787.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE WORLD:

OR,

A PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN AND
PROGRESS OF COMMERCE, LITERATURE, AND PO-
LITICS, AND THEIR CONNECTION AND INFLUENCE
ON EACH OTHER.

[Continued from page 14 of our last.]

WITHOUT entering on the celebrated ques-
tion concerning the eternity of the world,
and the possible and probable revolutions of na-
tions, it may be safely affirmed, that the present
age is the most enlightened and refined of all those
with which we are at all acquainted: and this
circumstance has the happiest influence on the
general mass and aggregate of human happiness.
The sun of science has arisen on the nations with
healing under his wings. Literature and philo-
sophy accustom men to think and reason; and
D they

they who think and reason much, learn to think and reason justly. A justness of reasoning is friendly to the interests of humanity, by strengthening and enlivening that power by which we perceive and feel the distinction between virtue and vice, and approve the former, and condemn the latter. It diminishes, in the eye of the philosopher who rises to the sublime heights of science, the importance of those objects which are the usual sources of strife and contention. It induces an habit of calculation in all matters that come under consideration, both with respect to the ends men have in view, and the proper means for accomplishing them. And thus it tends to prevent that scourge of human nature, war ; or, at least, by reducing the art of war and warlike resources to calculation, it brings it to a speedier issue. The military art, being now more complex and mixed with machinery, admits of more certain calculation, than when the enginery of war was more simple, and battles were decided by the wavering tides of courage, and fear, and other passions. We can calculate the force or amount of inanimated machines ; but it is very difficult indeed to form any certain anticipation concerning the general result or effect of the aggregated workings of human minds, brought together either in council or in action. Kings do not now, as formerly, go to war from motives of pique and personal resentment ; nor yet, in general, for the empty glory of desolating conquests. They estimate the commercial and political consequence
of

of what they contend for ; they compare their own resources with those of their neighbours, and the weaker party, if he is not supported by that political jealousy, which so wisely watches the movements of ambition, listens to terms of accommodation. In a word, just calculation tends to prevent the effusion of blood, by shewing the inutility, as well the inhumanity of such sacrifices.

But there is another way, in which, above all others, the propagation of literature tends to humanize the mind, to restrain the fury and the frequency of war, and to promote peace, and good will, and friendly intercourse among men : it softens and humanizes the manners of men by exercising their mutual sympathy. Polite literature, history, poetry, and all works of imagination, as landscape and historical painting, novels, romances, &c. All these derive their chief charm and influence from the representations they contain of human nature placed in various and interesting situations. The reader enters by sympathy into a thousand characters, circumstances, and situations, and is agitated by a thousand hopes and fears, and other emotions, which could not have been excited in his imagination by all the occurrences and vicissitudes of the most varied life. Thus he becomes, in some measure, a citizen of the world. The antipathies and prejudices which set men at variance with one another are gradually worn off. An habit of indulgence and forbearance is induced into the en-

larged mind. Nothing that belongs to human nature, no peculiarity in national character moves either the ridicule or the aversion of the ingenuous and cultivated mind, accustomed to contemplate humanity under an infinite variety of forms, and to feel that sentiment so often quoted from the Latin comic poet: "I myself am a man, and I cannot remain untouched by the joys or the sorrows of human nature."*

It is impossible, and it would be absurd to attempt to describe, precisely, the share that progressive literature has, in effecting that extended commercial intercourse, which is the characteristic of the present period. But from the very nature of literature, and from experience, which shews that the nations in which it prevails, are distinguished uniformly from their neighbours by the humanity of their disposition, we may conclude that its influence on the tempers, manners, and happiness of nations is very considerable. This is the most humane, because it is the most learned and refined age, with which we are at all acquainted. The arts and sciences are farther advanced, and more widely diffused than ever they were at any former period. And their domain, if we may judge from certain recent discoveries and improvements, is soon to be greatly and rapidly advanced. Passing by the experiments and discoveries in air, and the electrical fluid, that will form an æra in the history of philosophy, we shall

* Homo sum, & nihil humani a me alienum puto. TER.

shall just touch on a late mechanical invention for multiplying pictures without the least touch of the hand or pencil, and reducing the prices of the justest copies of the finest paintings so low, that they come within the reach of middling, and even of humble fortunes. It is proper to dwell a little on this invention, rather than some other discoveries in chemistry, because the improvement and diffusion of paintings have a more direct influence on life and manners, and therefore are more closely connected with the subject of an essay that professes to draw the outlines of the present age and state of the world.

Mechanical invention is one of the great pillars that support the grandeur of the British empire. By means of this, notwithstanding the high expence of living in this country, and the growing pressure of accumulated taxes, we are able, in various articles, to undersell nations, where labour is twice as cheap as in England, the expence of living twice as low, and taxes more than twice as moderate.

But it was reserved to Mr. Booth, the inventor of the *Polygraphic Art*, to apply mechanical invention, and particularly the power of chemistry, to the diffusion, perpetuation, and in some respects, the improvement of the most generally pleasing and captivating of the liberal arts. This ingenious artist has actually invented a method of multiplying pictures in oil colours, with all the properties of the original paintings, whether in regard to outline, expression, size, variety of

tints, and other circumstances, without any touch or finishing by the hand, and without any injury to the original painting. By means of this chemical process, he produces such exact copies or likenesses as cannot, without difficulty, be distinguished from the archetype, even by the eye of an artist or connoisseur, and possesses all the qualities, and produces the full effect of the most finished painting; while the price at which it can be delivered to the public is a mere trifle, commonly under, but never exceeding the tenth part of the value of the original. How large a branch of business does this open? What sums must it save to this nation for copies of foreign paintings? How widely will it diffuse a taste for the fine arts? What influence may it not have on the pursuits and pleasures of men? And what polish may it not give to their manners? The polygraphic invention is one of the happiest illustrations that ever appeared of the nature and progress of experimental philosophy, and is conspicuous among the various inventions and improvements which do honour to our nation, and auspiciously mark the present times.

As literature tends to soften the hearts, so it serves to brave and invigorate the understanding, and to unite the minds of men in every good cause, and especially that of freedom. On this primary object the British Mercury will keep a steady eye. It is on the virtue and vigilance of the people themselves, and not on their delegates in parliament, that the preservation of their liberties

erties will depend. In this free country, where there is perfect liberty of thought, speech, and action, there are, and there should be as many politicians as there are men. We have seen that division is the grand principle of despotism, and that union among the people, whether it be brought about by literature, or free and frequent personal intercourse, is the grand principle and source of free governments. Let this intercourse and union be duly maintained, and, if the maxim of tyrants be, "divide that you may rule," the motto of the people should be, "let us unite that we may be free." But, in order that there may be an union of wills, it is necessary that there be a coincidence of judgments. And, in order that there may be a coincidence of judgments, there must be frequent and free discourse on all that appears most interesting in the vicissitudes that continually pass on the great theatre of the world.

THE BRAIN-SUCKER:

O R,

THE DISTRESS OF AUTHORSHIP.

A Serio-Comic Caricature.

In a Letter from Farmer HOMELY to an absent Friend.

[Concluded from page 27 of our last.]

My dear Friend,

BODY and brains ; in short, I was his property, and whatever"—At this instant a carriage came rattling, and stopt at the door.
My

My son broke off in the midst of his phrase ;—the sweat burst upon his forehead ; his features relaxed into idiotic terror ; “ Save me, save me ! ” he cried, “ the Brain-fucker ! Odes ! Epigrams ! Water-gruel !—Save me, save me ! the Brain-fucker ! Odes ! Epigrams ! Water-gruel ! ”

I caught him, as he fell senseless, in my arms. I threw a pail-full of cold water on his face, and applied to his nostrils a bottle of hartshorn, and in the space of twenty minutes he began to discover some faint symptoms of returning life. I then conveyed him to bed, and gave him a generous draught of excellent Port. Soon after he fell into a sound sleep ; and, determined to watch him all night, I called for pipes and tobacco, and took post in an easy chair, close by his bed-side. About midnight he began to toss and tumble exceedingly in bed. I drew the curtain. His hair stood up with porcupine erectness ; his visage was writhed into an expression of horror undescribable. He shrieked, jumped out of bed, and his eye-balls bursting with terror from his head, he ran yelling horribly round the room. Excess of fear fixed me to my seat, or I certainly should have made my escape, for I firmly believed that Belzebub had taken possession of his body. At length he sunk exhausted on the floor, struggling faintly, and moaning with an accent so moving, that the very walls seemed to quiver with compassion.

I put him once more to bed. A shower of tears gave ease to his labouring soul. I made him drink a few glasses of Port, and when he was a little

He composed, requested him to relate the cause of the alarming phenomena I have just described.

“ I dreamed,” said he, “ that I had passed the river Styx, and that I stood a trembling shade before the gloomy tribunal of Rhadamanthus. My Evil Genius deposed against me all the wicked or foolish actions of my life. He testified, in particular, that misled by the *ignis fatuus* of literary fame, I had left, forlorn in the winter of life, my aged parents, and had brought, by my perverseness, their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

“ For this misdeed I was condemned to pass suspended in the bleakest current of the north-east wind, and plunged alternately in the fiery streams of Phlegeton, seven thousand successive years.

“ The ministers of wrath were conducting me to this punishment, when the infernal Nemesis, rising up, cried out sternly, “ Stop !” and addressing herself to the throne, “ O ! impartial Arbitrator of the nether regions,” she said, “ this perverse Genius has dissembled a crime, infinitely more heinous than any that he has disclosed. This man has written an Apology for Mr. Hastings !”

“ Horror-struck at mention of this circumstance, recoiled from me the circumambient shades ! Tartarus echoed from all its dismal caverns, a groan of indignation. Hell rose up against me, and pointed all her serpents hissing in my face. “ Vengeance ! Vengeance !” exclaimed a gathering cloud of spectres, as headed by Revenge, and urged on by the Furies, they rushed eager and

clamorous towards the throne. “ Vengeance ! Vengeance ! ” they exclaimed, pointing to their deadly wounds ; to their limbs fractured with torture ; to the wanton marks of ignominy on their backs ; to their women, withered with want ; to their princes suspended on a gibbet, or hunted down like wild beasts ; to their babes, butchered on the breast, or bayoneted in the womb of their expiring parents ! “ Vengeance on a villain who has contributed to mislead the justice of a generous nation ; who has endeavoured to defraud hell of a victim, which long ere now should have howled writhing on the rack of torture, or rather enriched the infernal regions with new punishments, horrible and exquisite as the crimes he has committed ! ”

“ Frequent flashes of lightning burst meanwhile from the black cloud, which concealed, in awful obscurity, the sublime front of Rhadamanthus. His eye-balls, flaming with indignation, appeared like two torrents of fire, which the terrified Sicilian marks, at sunset, rising red and threatening, through the dun robe of smoke that envelopes the tall summit of Mongibello. Hell shakes with universal trepidation. A voice of ten thousand thunders roars deep and horrible from the throne, “ Seize him, ye ministers of wrath ! “ Seize him, ye imps of exquisite torture, and drag him, the scoundrel—to Grub-street ! for hell affords no punishment proportioned to his guilt.”

“ In

“ In order to put in execution this most horrible decree, the infernal legion rushed upon me, and endeavouring to elude their talons, I exhibited those symptoms of terror that alarmed you so much.”

This frightful dream had taken such hold of his terrified imagination, that sleep seemed to have fled irrevocable from his eyes. I plied him with Port to no purpose. I even administered, in vain, a double dose of opium. At length I bethought me of a never-failing soporific : I went to the bag that held my foul linen, and pulled out a fragment of the CRITICAL REVIEW, of which I had sacrilegiously despoiled a temple of Cloacina. I began to read ;—the sound stole powerfully somniferous on my son’s senses ;—in five minutes he was fast asleep. The fragment dropt from my hand ;—I fell back in my easy chair.

When I awoke in the morning, I found my son still in a deep sleep. As soon as he opened his eyes, I caused him to put on clean linen, a species of luxury to which for seven months past he had been utterly a stranger ; and after breakfast we set off in the York mail, and in four and twenty hours we found ourselves at home.

I leave your feelings to suggest the joy of a fond mother at the unhoped for recovery of her only child. Dick’s return was a day of jubilee for the whole village. Nancy began to raise her head, like a drooping rose after a gentle shower of rain. Dick advances rapidly to his former vigour and blooming health. The dreadful distemper that

made such woeful havock in his brain, is radically exterminated. He has abandoned for ever the heathenish worship of Apollo ; swears that he would not exchange a single smile of his lovely Nancy for the last favours of the *Nine Sisters* ; and that he would rather plant cabbages on his paternal estate, than cultivate, with Homer, Ofsian, and Virgil, the very fummits of Parnassus.

LA BAGATELLE.

BY the last advices from Paris we learn, that the fashionable world there are exceedingly fond of being attended by English servants. A footman in particular mounts behind their carriage in the habit of a jockey : and indeed it must be confessed, that they've *jockied* John Bull most egregiously.

Some time ago a number of merchants formed a society for importing slaves from the Island of Madagascar. This scheme, however, has been entirely laid aside since the commercial treaty passed between France and Great Britain. The French are of opinion, that they will soon be able to import slaves from a neighbouring country much cheaper than they could have them from Madagascar, whose black and brawny inhabitants have ever manifested the most rooted antipathy to slavery and the *Grande Monarque*, and, horrid to relate ! delight in drinking out of the decorated skulls of massacred Frenchmen, who have landed

at

at different times on their sea-girt isle, with the pious purpose of making them Christians and slaves ! The articles with which they propose to purchase the liberty of their northern neighbours, are French lace and brandy, and the other *bagatelles* with which they are accustomed to buy the corrupted savages of North America.

It was objected to this scheme, that the English were in general too lusty for the incessant labour of slaves. But to this it was replied, that the proprietors would have it in their power to *flaß* and melt down their property to a fit habit of body.* It is hoped, however, say the tender-hearted Frenchmen, that the cruel necessity of this operation will be superseded by the rapid progress of *farming* among the English, which will soon absorb their superfluous nutriment, and convert to shriveled skeletons, the sleek and overgrown natives of Great Britain.

The business of parliament is now nearly at an end ; and indeed however urgent or important the affairs of the nation might be, it is impossible that the voice of business could be heard amid the approaching din of eight hundred cat-gut scrapers, appointed by R——l A——y to drown the cries of liberty oppressed, and to preserve John Bull in a state of good humour and cullability !

The

* This operation is performed by the people of Barbary, by making incisions in the thighs, and other fleshy parts of the body, and melting down with red hot irons, the fat of such of their slaves as are too lusty for labour.

The rage of fiddling gains ground more and more every day. Operas, concerts, oratorios, arrest with fyren voice the delighted passenger in every street. *Ma chere amie* tickles at every corner the ears of butchers and barbers boys: Nay, it is said that the sacred oratorio of the Messiah was played the other day in a Manger, in the environs of the city. The Magi were personated by half a dozen chimney-sweeps; a link-boy acted the leading star; a hen-pecked taylor performed the part of Joseph; the Arch-angel Gabriel was played by an Irish coal-heaver; and the holy virgin—but decency forbids us descending into particulars. The Archbishop of Canterbury should certainly put a stop to those scandalous proceedings.

A certain great personage is said to have exclaimed, at a late musical rehearsal, “Locus heart! if eight hundred musicians are capable of *scraping off* so much melody, what might not eight millions perform!” This idea, we are told, ingrosses at present his mighty soul, and that he hopes in a short time to astonish all Europe with the united exertions of a whole nation of fiddlers!

The nations on the continent are in great hopes, it is said, of seeing soon a new phenomenon, viz. an English Castrato! “*Mon Dieu!*” exclaimed her Most Christian Majesty’s maids of honour, “how will an Englishman look without his ****!” And yet what a pity it is, “resumed the Marquise de Persiffage,” what a pity it is that *castrated of his masculine character*, John Bull should
wear

wear the mere mockery of manhood, like poor Tenducci, in a bag !”*

Nothing now is talked of among the disciples of the Broughtonian school but the celebrated Mendoza, the Jew bruiser.

The children of Israel regard this jaw-breaking Jew as the Fore-runner of the Messiah ; and now pant in present expectation of those happy days, when they shall rule over the heathen with rods of iron, and break in pieces the rulers of the earth, like a potter’s vessel !

A jubilee was lately held by the sons of Jacob, to celebrate these glorious hopes, and a psalm suitable to the occasion was sung by Leoni. The following verses sung in chorus, formed the burden or refrain of the anthem :

The Lord hath said it, ye sons of Israel ; the merciful God of Jacob hath made it sure, O ! ye daughters of Jerusalem ! Ye shall break with clubs of iron the bones of their mighty men of war ; ye shall thrust their young women through with spears ; ye shall dash out the brains of their little ones against the wall !

Ye shall utterly exterminate the nations, saith the Lord, and Jerusalem shall be the metropolis of the universe ; and the sun, in his daily course, shall see nothing but JEWS upon the whole surface of the earth !

A

* That celebrated finger is said to wear in his breeches-pocket, and as near their original situation as possible, the relics of his virility, tied up in a bag.

A small minority of Israelites, however, are doubtful whether the prediction will ever take place ; and it was observed, as an omen unfavourable to their hopes, that Leoni sung more than commonly in *falsetto* the above anthem.

EXTRACTS FROM FOREIGN BOOKS.

Chansons Madecasses traduites en Francois, suivies de Poésies fugitives. Par M. le Chev. de P. A Londres & Paris.

THIS gentleman has lately visited the Isle of Bourbon, Madagascar, and some parts of the East Indies. He has translated some Madecassian songs, well adapted to give us an idea of the manners and customs of those people. The Isle of Madagascar is divided into a great many little domains, governed by as many princes, who are always at war with each other : the object of these wars is to make prisoners, in order to sell them to the Europeans. Thus were it not for us, as this writer observes, those people, whom we call barbarous, would be peaceable and happy. The sentiments of the Madecassi on this head are well expressed in the following song.

“ Beware of the white people, O inhabitants of the sea shore ! In the time of our fathers the whites landed upon this island. Here, said our forefathers to the strangers, here are lands for you, let your women cultivate them ; be just, be good, and become our brethren.—The whites promised fair, but they began to make intrenchments.

ments. A fort rose up threatening ; they inclosed thunder in mouths of brass, their priests wanted to impose upon us a God whom we knew not ; at length they talked of obedience and slavery. Rather death a thousand times ! Long and terrible was the carnage ; but notwithstanding the thunder which they vomited, and which crushed at once entire armies, they were all exterminated. Beware of the white people—We have seen fresh tyrants, stronger and more numerous than the first plant on the sea shore, their proud standards. Heaven fought for us. Rain and tempest, and poisoned winds assailed the invaders. They are no more, and we live, and we live free. Beware of the white people, O inhabitants of the sea shore !”

Generous Madecassi, may you live for ever free ! may the demon of avarice descend at length to hell from whence he came ; and the vile spirit of traffic which murders the peace of the world, be remembered no more, except in traditionary songs of direful detestation !

Original Letters of the late King of Prussia, published at Berlin. They were written during the war of seven years, to the Countess de Camas, daughter of Brandt, and wife of the Count de Camas, Commandant of Franckfort on the Oder, &c.

THIS familiar correspondence proves the degree of gaiety which the King preserved amidst the distresses of war ; and discover throughout a heart susceptible to the charms of friendship. In
a letter

a letter, dated Neustadtt, the 11th December, 1760. Speaking of his warlike embarrassments, he says, " It is, I assure you, a dog's life, which, except Don Quixote, no man ever led but me. All this train, all this endless disorder has brought on old age so fast, that you will hardly recognize me. On the right side of my head my hair is turned grey, my teeth break and fall out, my visage is wrinkled like the plaitings of a petticoat, my back bowed like a Monk's of the order of La Trappe. I give you previous notice of all this, that in case we should yet again see each other in flesh and blood, you may not be shocked at my appearance. I retain nothing now of what I was, but the heart, which remains unchanged ; and will preserve while I breath, the same sentiment of esteem and tender friendship for my good mamma. Adieu."

LETTER III.

" IN truth, my good mamma, you are very expert. I give you joy of your experience in drop-sies. The accident you mention is extremely common ; there is neither court nor convent where it does not happen. As to me, who am very indulgent to the weaknesses of our species, I shall not stone to death maids of honour, who multiply the species. They perpetuate the human race, while your ferocious politicians repress it by fatal wars. I confess that I prefer a constitution a little too tender, to those dragons of chastity, who delight in destroying the reputation of their fellows, or those vexatious women
who

who are never happy but when their hands are employed in mischief. Let the child be well educated, let not the family be exposed, and take care that the poor girl leaves the court without scandal, &c."

From Dahlen, 6th March, 1763.

"I SHALL then see you, my good mamma, and I hope that it will be by the end of this month, or the beginning of April; and I hope that I shall find you in as good health as when I left you. As for me, you will find me bowed down, and almost doating with age, grey as the asses that follow my camp, losing every day a tooth, and almost crippled by the gout; but your indulgence will bear with the infirmities of old age, and we will talk of the times that are past.

So then our good Margrave de Bareuth is no more. That grieves me much. We lose our friends, and our enemies seem to live for ever. Ah! my good mamma, how much I fear Berlin, and the vacancies I shall find there! But I will think only of you, and impose an illusion upon myself as to the rest, &c."

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

Somerset-House.

WE cannot help being of opinion, that an annual Exhibition of Painting does, by no means, contribute to call forth genius, or to form a good taste. It is hardly possible for an artist, in the

the short space of a twelvemonth, to conceive, to mould, and to mellow into perfection, a great or elegant idea. Hence we can easily account for that air of crudity which, in general, deforms the productions of the present year.

Eminent amidst the large historical paintings, and strongly, though rudely, marked by the pencil of genius, is the assassination of David Riccio, by J. Opie. The whole *tableau* is highly dramatic, the figures are happily contrasted; every face expresses a different, or, at least, a distinct shade of the same passion; not a person in the groupe appears in vain, nor is there a single circumstance idly introduced. Whatever may be the merit of the rival painting by Graham, it appears beside this to great disadvantage. It would be in vain to contend, that the painter has followed exactly the historic narration of the fact by Dr. Stuart. To appeal to the passions, not to inform the mind, is the object of this art. The most dramatic story is always the best suited to the painter, whose province is circumscribed by no bounds but those of probability,

Pictoribus atque Poetis,
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

The Fall of Wat Tyler, by J. Northcote, is certainly not without merit. But we cannot help wondering why the artist should have given to the rebel-chief, who fell suddenly, and in the vigour of his age, at the head of his party, the ghastly appearance of a person who sinks, after a long illness, the lean and livid prey of dissolution.

Who

Who can behold, without feeling his blood run chill through his veins, and his heart freezing to his side, the pallid moribond Jane Shore. It is the Venus de Medicis herself, shrouded in a funereal shade. After this, it would hardly be paying a compliment to R. M. Payne, the author of this most excellent piece of painting, to say, that the drapery is the finest we remember ever to have seen.

Amidst the smaller figures we distinguish Theagenes and Cariclea, and Dorinda wounded by Silvio, both by C. R. Riley. Aminto releasing Silvia, by the same hand, merits particular mention. Nothing can be better imagined, nor better executed, than the deep sense of shame expressed in every feature, and in the whole action of Silvia: her head blushing declined—her hair retorted over her shoulder, in such a manner as to fall down, and partly to cover her middle—her limbs compressed, and her body bending, and turned averse from Aminto, as much as her fetters will admit, form an excellent picture of female modesty.

In the portrait-painting line, a department to which, we are sorry to observe, that too many of the artists have consecrated their talents, Sir Joshua Reynolds maintained his wonted predominancy. There are several excellent portraits by the Cofways, and one by J. Northcote, the portrait of a Lady and Child. A beautiful Bacchante, in crayons, by J. Ruffel, was deservedly admired. In the landscape line, Louthembourg, Hodges, and

Reinagle, stand unrivalled. A View in South Wales, by P. F. Bourgeois, met with universal and merited approbation. Those who delight in minute elegance will find a great deal to admire amongst the miniatures. We cannot finish our sketch of the Great Room, without regretting, that Mr. West has not this year produced any thing worthy of his well-earned reputation.

Anti-Room.

Here we distinguish more deserving of a situation in the Great Room than some that are admitted. A pathetic painting of the last scene in the tragedy of the Gamester, by Mr. Brown. An excellent portrait of Mahomet Summy, crayons, by J. Ruffel. The serjeant and soldier in his glory, two humorous pieces of C. Catton, jun. have much merit.

Exhibition Room of Sculpture and Drawings.

Here we distinguish grog on board a ship, and the countryman and sharpers, two excellent drawings in the comic stile, by T. Rowlandson. Zephyrus and Flora, a model by C. Horwell, rivetted our attention. We could hardly satiate our eyes with admiring the floating elegance with which they seem suspended in the air, and the amorous delicacy of their embrace, so ingeniously characteristic of the gentle tempers of Flora and Zephyrus. Neptune and Amphytrite by C. Peart, has a considerable share of merit. And the sculpture of the honourable Mrs. Damer, is
in

in general executed in an elegant and masterly manner.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Nina, or The Love-distracted Maid. A Comedy in one Act.
Translated from the French of M. M. D. V.

THE following, in a few words, is the fable of the piece. Nina and Germeuil, educated together, contract for each other a tender and deep-rooted affection. The Count, Nina's father, encourages the rising flame. The day of marriage is fixed. A rival, mean while, richer and more powerful, presents himself, and is preferred to Germeuil. The two rivals meet,—fight; Germeuil falls, and is carried off, as it is supposed, dead. Nina, a spectator of the fatal event, is carried senseless to her father's castle.

She loses her reason. Every trace of the past is effaced from her memory, except “the idea of Germeuil,—the tender faithful Germeuil.” She believes him on the point of returning from a journey. Every day, even in weather the most inclement, she repairs to a bower, often witness to the innocent loves, and interchanged vows of Nina and Germeuil. There, sitting on a bench facing the road, she waits for him, holding in her hand a nosegay, which she gathered for her love. The expected hour passes; she wipes away a tear, and departs with the deceitful hope of seeing him to-morrow.

Here it is that the piece commences. The Count, Nina's father, repenting his severity, and abandoned to despair, returns to see his daughter, whom he had left in charge with Eliza, her *Gouvernante*. A most affecting dialogue takes place between the Count and his daughter, who does not recognize him.

Germeuil, who had been reported dead, suddenly makes his appearance. The Count embraces him with rapture. Nina is brought back to her senses, by the most natural gradations; and the piece concludes as every feeling reader or spectator would most ardently wish.

This is certainly one of the most pathetic dramas that ever appeared on any stage. The translator, we think, has done ample justice to the original. Some parts, however, of the versification, which in general is spirited, betray the marks of a hasty and careless hand.

Diamond Cut Diamond, a Comedy in Two Acts. Translated from the French of *Guerre Ouvre*, ou, *Ruse contre Ruse*, by Lady W——.

WE mention this play, not so much to take notice of the excellence of the translation, as to express our surprize that Lady W—— should submit to the drudgery of translating. We shall think ourselves entitled to the thanks of the Public, if by this observation we should be happy enough to provoke something original from the pen of a lady, who is well known to possess more
attic

consequences of the power exercised by the Governor-General ; the maintaining, independent of the Nabob Vizier, a military force in the province of Oude ; the appointment of military officers to the collection of the revenues, &c. Mr. Burke concluded with a motion, which was carried.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

May 21.

Prince of Wales. Lord Sydney delivered a message from his Majesty, to inform their Lordships that his Royal Highness had contracted a debt, &c. That his Majesty submitted to their Lordships the necessity of finishing Carleton-house, &c. And that his Majesty, willing to give every assistance in his power, had agreed to make an addition to the present revenues of the Prince of Wales, of 10,000*l.* to be paid from the civil list.

Farmers General Bill.—Lord Portchester rebated the principles of the bill. Lord Stormont argued also with much force against this most unconstitutional measure. The bill passed, however, without a division. The arguments made use of were nearly the same with those enforced on the same occasion in the House of Commons, as sketched in our last number.

Impeachment. Mr. Hastings was delivered over to the Usher of the Black Rod by the Serjeant at Arms ; appeared on his knees at the Bar ; and after hearing the articles of impeachment read over, was admitted to give bail, himself in 40,000*l.* and his sureties, Mr. Sumner and Mr. Sullivan, in 10,000*l.* each.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

May 23.

Mr. Pitt moved an address to his Majesty, to express their readiness to comply with the tenor of his gracious message, to pray that 161,000*l.* should be issued from the revenues of the civil list, to be applied to the discharge of the debts of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in such a manner as his Majesty shall think proper; and also that a farther sum of 20,000*l.* be issued on account, and applied towards the completion of Carlton-House; and to assure his Majesty, that his faithful Commons would make good the same. Carried *nem. con.*

N E W S.

Accounts from Constantinople, dated April 12th, say, that the Captain Pascha has finally defeated the rebel army in Egypt, and sent the head of the three chiefs to Constantinople. Other advices assert that the whole is a state fable, invented to pacify the clamour of the people.

According to the latest advices from both countries, a war is ready to break out between the Russians and Turks.

An action has taken place at Utrecht, between the adherents of the Stadtholder and the patriotic party, in which the former were defeated. A boy, about twelve years of age was mortally wounded, on this occasion. When he was put upon a board in order to be carried home to his parents, he said to those around him, I am not yet dead, and still a patriot!

CATA-

attic wit than would weigh down the united mites of half the dramatic writers of the present day.

Hints to Families. By Swainson. Ridgway.

THIS pamphlet offers some very sensible observations on the treatment of the small-pox, which deserve a serious consideration.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

HAY-MARKET.

WE congratulate the Public on the accession which their pleasures are likely to derive from so excellent an actor as Mr. Browne. He sustained the difficult character of Hamlet with spirit, feeling, and discernment. Mrs. Kemble's merits in the character of Ophelia, are best expressed in the tears which trickled warm and copious down the cheeks of the melted audience.

We should be happy to see this lady in the interesting character of Nina, which we are thoroughly persuaded she would perform with the most affecting pathos.

After the play, was acted, for the first time, a new comic opera, entitled Harvest Home. The fable of this piece is involved in impenetrable obscurity. The music is by Dibdin. The verses are the *handicraft* of some fidler, who considers words merely as wind, and who has therefore arranged them with little regard to their significance.

cancy. A song, of which the chief beauty appeared to consist in the following lines,

Beam bum boodle, loodle, loodle,

Beam bum boodle, loodle, loo,

was encored by the audience. Gracious Apollo ! why didst thou not send down amongst them a shower of asses ears, in order that every Midas might be manifest at least to his shaver ?

In the name of common sense, if we are now declining fast to a state of dotage and imbecility, let our children and ideots mount the stage ; their babble will at least be natural and unforced : But why should we go to places of public entertainment to have our ears abused with laboured infancy, and meditated nonsense ?

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

[We do not mean in our concise but comprehensive account of parliamentary proceedings to narrate any debates but such as refer to objects of national importance. Our political annals will exhibit to the intelligent Reader, in a stile clear tho' laconic, the successive movements by which the Constitution of this Country verges towards Despotism, or reverts to Independence.]

HOUSE OF LORDS.

May 14.

A committee appointed to examine the articles of impeachment against Warren Hastings, Esq., and to report on Thursday.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. Burke opened his charge against Mr. Hastings, for mal-administration in the province of Oude, principal articles of which were, injurious-
con-

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THE
BRITISH MERCURY.

No. III.

TO BE CONTINUED EVERY FORTNIGHT.

ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΑΜΟΥΣΟΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. RIDGWAY, NO. 196, PICCADILLY;
AND SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN
TOWN AND COUNTRY.

JUNE, 1787.



T H E
BRITISH MERCURY.

No. III.—*June 9, 1787.*

ADDRESS TO THE KING.

IT has been, from the earliest records of their empire, a political institution among the Chinese, to publish weekly the life and sayings of the reigning emperor. An academy is instituted, for the express purpose of committing to the page of history the transactions of their sovereign: an historiographer attends him constantly, to take down his memorable expressions, and to record his actions.

But that academy and this historiographer are not the mere sycophants of the court, the servile satellites of the sovereign, hired to varnish his defects, and to impose on the deluded people a flattering portrait of their master. They consider themselves, on the contrary, as the guardians of the people. Their pencil is consecrated to patriotism, and guided by veracity. They have often stemmed, with undaunted perseverance, the

torrent of tyranny, and withstood to the death the inroads of arbitrary power.

It were devoutly to be wished, by every friend to human nature, that a similar institution were established in every civilized corner of the world.

Your Majesty, no doubt, would earnestly and with gladness embrace so glorious an opportunity of being known to your subjects. How would it rejoice your royal heart to hear echoed back from the multitude, your wise maxims and witty retorts? With what avidity would they smile at your good humoured *Scotticisms*, for in *Iricisms* your Majesty delighteth not? How would they chuckle over the chronicle'd conundrums of their sovereign!

But if the nation are unhappily condemned to remain ignorant of the oral wit and wisdom of your Majesty, at least your Royal sagacity, as it manifests itself in your actions, is abundantly conspicuous. For you, Sir, history reserves an ample page. She will transmit, to the admiration of the latest posterity, your wonderful prudence in reducing to a more manageable size, the unwieldy domains committed to your care. She will celebrate the magnanimity with which you threw away thirteen provinces, rather than submit to the Englishman-like insolence of your American subjects, who saucily petitioned to be governed like free men. She will extol with admiration, the heroic unconcern with which you sent Britons to murder Britons in another world; the industry with which you solicited, at
the,

the petty court of every cousin in Germany, reinforcements of human cut-throats, to force the collar on our fellow subjects in America. For your Majesty well knew, that disagreeable reformations are best begun at a distance, and that the gangrene of despotism must proceed from the extremities to the center.

On this Machiavelian principle, no doubt, was modelled the bill which deprives of their birth-right, and subjects to the arbitrary power of a court of inquisition, our countrymen in the East. By this principle, no doubt, was animated that surprising change in the politics of this country, by which we adopt as our first friends, a nation hitherto considered as the political enemies of Great Britain. Thus far the councils of your Majesty's ministers, a set of men admirably calculated to carry on the business of reformation, have been conducted with prudence. Your Majesty will give me leave, however, to express my surprise, that FARMING GENERAL should have been the first-fruits of this French treaty of commerce. But it is not by any means the thing (for what can tend *more* directly to render the people poor and dispirited, and of course easily subdued) it is not the thing itself I say, but the name which appears to me objectionable. The English have been long accustomed to hold in abhorrence the very name of Farmers-General. This prejudice will not easily be eradicated. Had the thing been invested with some appellation less odious; had it for instance been called *leasing*, as
an

an official Lord sagely remarked, it might have been swallowed without scruple, by the unsuspecting multitude.

Such, as your Majesty deeply versed in history cannot but know, was the policy of the first Roman emperors. They concealed, under the customary titles of the republic, their tyrannic usurpations, and left standing the symbols of liberty, long after the substance itself had ceased to exist. But your Majesty is directed, no doubt, by that INVISIBLE WISDOM which hath hitherto been your guide in the government and *preservation* of the kingdoms and colonies committed to your care !

Let us pray, however, the Almighty Disposer of all events, that, if the liberty of this country hastens to an end, at least the facility with which it was oppressed, may not encourage future tyrants to scheme against the freedom of their people. No ! rather if this fair fabric of liberty must fall at length to the ground, in the midst of tempests and thunder and lightning, let it fall, and fearful commotions of the elements ; let the noise of its ruin shake with affright the circumjacent nations ; let a torrent of blood, running for ever red and perturbed in the historic page, chill in the bosom of terrified tyrants the projects of despotism, and teach a late posterity how liberty should be prized. But above all, if the British lion must yield at length to fate, oh ! let his exit, however cruel, be void at least of ignominy. Forbid it, gracious Heaven ! that he should expire

pire with tenfold agony, under the vilifying
spurnings of an ass.

KING'S BIRTH DAY.

THE *eclat* of this illustrious day had like to have been spoiled—not by the dangerous, and then supposed mortal illness of the Prince, for that's a matter of small moment—but by a conspiracy of the taylor's, who, thinking at this critical juncture to raise their wages, refused to work except their pay was augmented. In consequence of this alarming affair, the three regiments of guards were unable to exhibit the splendor of their new regimentals.

This affair occasioned a great deal of consternation at St. James's. Just as if our gracious sovereign was not a great prince, the mightiest monarch, as the Poet Laureat swears by his butt of sack, that ever appeared on the face of the earth, but some contemptible button-maker, whose whole importance hangs on the finger's end of a taylor!

An Ode composed for this glorious occasion, by the Rev. T. Warton, and set to music by T. Parsons, Esq; Composer to his Majesty, was performed in the great Council-Chamber. But what was the disappointment of the Monarch, gaping for his annual portion of well-earned praise, to hear nothing resound from the “festal lyre” but the names of Dryden, Chaucer, Spenser,

fer, Greeks, Persians, hobgoblins, and fairies. It is said, that his Majesty intends to treat the bard as Simonides was treated by a victor-wrestler, on a similar occasion, that is to say, to refer him for the payment of his annual stipend to Chaucer, Spenser, and the Black Prince, whose praises he records.

In the evening a grand ball was given at St. James's. I shall leave, however, to the reader's imagination, the magnificence displayed in coaches, sedans, liveries, &c.

Neither do I think it decent to handle the ladies petticoats so familiarly as some of my periodical rivals have done. What is it to the WORLD how, or by whom, Lady Charlotte's, or Lady Betty's petticoats were trimmed? Let us content ourselves with hoping, that their ladyships petticoats are well *trimmed*. If they stand in need of any assistance in that way, let them drop a line to the writer of this article, who served his time at Tipperary to a man-milliner, and who will fly with enthusiasm, by day or by night, to give their ladyships satisfaction.—
N. B. He is a very good hand at *fur-below stitching*, though of late a little out of practice.

In consequence of the Prince's illness, the ball was but thinly attended. The royal countenance itself seemed overcast; not that I would suppose that this cloud was superinduced by a report, that the Prince of Wales was in a fair way of recovery. Far from me be such malicious comments on the phiz Royal!

The

The broad mirth of the day might however have been thinly shaded by the veil of *decency*, at least at a time when the heir-apparent to these realms lay, as it was imagined, at the point of death. What says the immaculate Machiavelian, Mr. Pitt?

Several parts of the City and Westminster were magnificently illuminated on this glorious occasion. Was this *operam & oleum perdere*? O malicious suggestion, from what infernal abyss didst thou exhale thy pestilential influence on the mind!

The guards were so officiously attentive to the peace and safety of the citizens, as to plant themselves to the very top of St. James's-street. Those gentlemen would be very happy, no doubt, to take the whole metropolis under their protection. But if the mayor and administration of the city do not enquire into this dangerous inroad on civil liberty; if they do not take vengeance for the insults, and even wounds which those insolent prætorians inflicted on several of the populace, they deserve to be hissed and pointed at, as the complaisant or imbecile betrayers of the civil rights and privileges committed to their care.

LA BAGATELLE.

WE pick up with the greatest avidity the smallest anecdote, the most trifling expression of Joseph or the King of Prussia, while
we

we criminally neglect to treasure up the bon mots of our gracious sovereign, which are in high repute on the Continent, on account of that attic salt with which they are seasoned. It is said, that neither history nor biography present any repartees so witty as those of his Britannic Majesty, except, perhaps, the bon mots of Claudius the Roman Emperor, between whom and our gracious sovereign connoisseurs pretend to discover a great affinity of character.

Le General du Chateauvieux was present one day at the levee, at St. James's. His Britannic Majesty had the goodness to ask him some civil questions, and amongst the rest, how long he had been in England? The General told him. How long did he mean to stay? Three months, replied the General. *C'est bien peu, C'est bien peu.* That's a very little while, that's a very little while. Half a dozen times, in the course of half an hour, his Majesty asked the same question, received the same answer; and rejoined in the same manner, *C'est bien peu, C'est bien peu.* Tired at length of repeating and hearing so often the same thing, Le General du Chateauvieux, when his Majesty came again to ask him how long he meant to stay in England, replied, *Je conte d'y rester pour toujours; I mean to remain for ever. C'est bien peu, C'est bien peu.* That's a very little while, that's a very little while, rejoined his Majesty.

A few days ago, a ridiculous accident happened in the streets of Paris. An elegant young lady driving

driving furiously a very lofty phæton (which is now become quite the rage amongst the high-mettled Parisians) was suddenly hemmed in by two carriages that threatened to overfet her. Riling up haftily, in order to pull more vigorously the reins, one of thofe cords on which at Paris the lamps are fufpended in the middle of the ftreets, got entangled in her hair. The horfes fet off full fpeed ; the lady, an object of mirth to the gathering mobility, hung dangling, like ill-fated Abfalom, in the air. I fhould like, faid a bloody-minded Irifhman, looking up as he paffed under her, to play the part of Joab ; and pointed his fhelelah.

R E V I E W.

The Loufiad. Canto II. By Peter Pindar, Efq.

THE Bard commences his arduous undertaking (as every Bard of Grace fhould do) by a pious invocation of the Nine Sifters.

Nymphs of the fared fount, &c.

And then again,

Ye nymphs who fond of fun, full many a time,
Mount on a jack-afs many a child of rhyme,
And make him think, aftride his braying hack
He moves fublime on Pegafus's back.
Ye Mufes oft by brainlefs Poets fought,
To bid the ftanza chime, and fwell with thought,
Who

Who, whelping for oblivion, fain would save
 Their whining puppies from the fullen wave ;
 Assist me ! —————

Next he invokes the

—————Great patron * of the double quill
 That slays by rhyme, and murders by a pill.

God of those gentlemen of gingling brains,
 Who, for *their own amusement* print their strains,
 O aid, as lofty Homer says, my *nous*,
 To sing sublime the Monarch and the *Louise* !

He then proceeds to the more Christian-like invocation of Conscience.

CONSCIENCE who bidst our Monarch from
 the nation,
 Send sons to Gottingen for education,
 Since hapless CAM and ISIS, lost to knowledge,
 Are ideots to this Hanoverian college.

Dear Attic Gottingen ! to thee I bow,
 Of knowledge, O most wonderful milch cow !
 From whom huge pails the royal boys shall bring,
 And give, we hope, a little to the ———.
 Thro' *thee*, besides the knowledge they may reap,
 The lads shall get their board and lodgings cheap.

CONSCIENCE ! who to the wonder of his SIRE,
 Bidd'st from his wonted state a Prince retire,
 And, like a subject, humbly seek the shade,
 That not a tradesman might remain unpaid :
 An action that the soul of ENVY stings——
 A deed unmention'd in the book of KINGS.

Having

* Apollo.

Having finished the invocation, the glorious
Epic commences with

Lo! Madam SWELLENBERG, inclin'd to CREAM,
Was wond'rous busy o'er a plate of ham :

Soon as this woman heard the louse's tale,
At once she turn'd, like walls of plaister, pale.
But first the ham of WESTPHALY she gobbled,
And then to seek the LORD'S ANOINTED, hob-
bled.

Him full of wrath, like Peleus' son of yore,
When Agamemnon took away his wh——,
In all the bitterness of wrath she found,
The queen and royal children staring round.

“O SWELLY!” thus the madden'd monarch roar'd,
Whilst wing'd impatience wing'd the rapid word ;

The broken language that his mouth affords,
Are heads and tails, and legs and wings of words,
That give imagination's laughing eye,
A lively picture of a giblet pye.

“O SWELLY, SWELLY!” cry'd the furious
king,

“What ! what a dirty, filthy, nasty thing !

“What's your opinion, hæ ! ?” the monarch rav'd,
“Yes yes, the cooks shall every one be shav'd.”

To whom the dame, with elevated chin,
Wide staring eyes, and broad contemptuous grin :
Yes, sure as dat my soul is to be sav'd,
So sure de dirty rascals shal be shav'd,—
Shav'd to de quick be ev'ry moder's son,—
And curse me if I do not see it done :

De barbers soon der nasty locks sal fall on,
Nor leave one standing for a louse to crawl on.

Or-else to Strelitz let me quickly fly,
Dat dunghill, dat poor pig-house to de eye,
Where from his own mock trone de prince so great
Can jomp into anoder prince estate."—

" Thanks, SWELLY, thanks, thanks, thanks,"
the King replied.

" Yes, yes, if I am master of this house,
" Yes, yes, the locks shall fall, and then the louse."

He spoke,—and to confirm the dreadful doom,
His head he shook, [*observe, reader, its ponderosity*]
that shook the dining room.

*Thus Jove of old, &c.

Let us now follow the poet, to take a peep at
what the cooks were doing :

In that snug room, like those immortal Greeks,
Of whom, in book the thirteenth, Ovid speaks,
Around the table, all with sulky looks,
Like culprits doom'd to Tyburn, sat the cooks ;
At length with phiz that spoke the man of woes,
The forrowing king of spits and stew-pans rose ;
Like Paul at Athens, very justly fainted,
And by the charming brush of Raphael painted,
With out-stretch'd hands, and energetic grace,
He fearless thus harangues the ROASTING RACE,
Whilst gaping round, in mute attention sit,
The poor forlorn disciples of the spit.
" Cooks, scullions, hear me, ev'ry mother's son."

They

They determine at length to present a petition to the King.

“ Behold ! to remedy our sad condition,”
The Mayor cry’d, “ I’ve cook’d up a petition :”
Then jumping on a barrel, thus aloud
He read sonorous to the gaping crowd.

The petition of the cooks, in which is plainly shown the danger of quarrelling with cooks.

My liege, a universe hath been your foes :
The times have look’d most miserably black,
America hath *try’d* to pull your nose,
The Dutch and Spaniards *try’d* to bang your back.

’Twou’d be a serious matter, we can tell ye,
Were *we* to buccaneer it on your *belly*.

They then enumerate their auxiliary forces, consisting of Mrs. Mary, sweeper-general, Mrs. Loman, bell-ringer, Ann Spencer, guardian of the necessary, &c. &c.

They declare, in fine, in the concluding stanza, their firm resolution not to submit their blocks to the shaver.

O King, our wives are in the kitchen roaring,
All ready in rebellion, ready now to rise,
They mock our humble method of imploring,
And bid us guard against a wig-surprize :
“ *Your’s* is the hair, they cry, the Almighty gave
ye,
“ And not a King in Christendom should shave
ye.”

Lo ! on the event the world impatient looks,
 And thinks the joke is carried much too far—
 Then pray, Sir, listen to your faithful cooks,
 Nor in the palace breed a civil war :
 Loud roars our band, and obstinate as pigs,
 Cry, “ Locks and Liberty, and damn the wigs.”

Such is the skeleton of the 2d Canto of the celebrated *Loufiad*, a poem abounding in laughable images and original whim.

ACCOUNT OF THE NATIVES OF JOANNA, AN ISLAND
 IN THE AFRICAN SEA.

(Extracted from the Materials of a Work intended for the Press.)

THE natives of this island are of two kinds. The first, and by far the most numerous party, are the Aborigines, who are blacks of the same species of man with the Abyssinians. The other are the descendants of Arabian settlers, a white people, but exceedingly tanned by the sun, and somewhat maculated, by intermixture with the original Joannamen.

Different as their origin, are their respective manners and customs. The latter are clothed in the Arabian manner, and inhabit convenient houses, built of stone or baked clay, and plastered with *chinaum*, or kind of stucco, not much inferior to marble itself in beauty or durability. Their habitations are surrounded by high walls;

to

to guard their women, of whom they are extremely jealous, from the wanderings of desire, and from the wanton eye of curiosity. They have servants and slaves, and property in abundance ; they apply to letters, at least so far as to read and write the Arabic tongue ; they have some knowledge of the mechanic arts, and of commerce, however circumscribed ; and in short, are mancipated to those anxious and operose modes of life, which constitute a people civilized. The Aborigines, on the contrary, are naked savages, dispersed in frequent but small societies, through the woods, ignorant of arts, of jealousy, of ambition ; happy, careless, content with the bounty of Nature, beyond whose simple wants, their wishes have not as yet been taught to expatiate.

Paganism is still the prevailing religion of the primitive inhabitants. The most celebrated object of their devotion at present, are a few ducks, which a traveller, as it is reported, having left to propagate for the benefit of strangers, the wondering Joannamen welcomed with divine honours. Struck, no doubt, by the novelty of their appearance, and readily resolving their unknown origin, with the facility of savages who abhor the fatigue of reasoning and slow conjecture, no less than they delight in bold flights of imagination, into the pleasing fable of an immediate mission from the gods.

Quantum religio potuit suadere malorum !

What mighty ills from superstition flow !

Methinks I hear some turtle-stuffed son of Apicius
exclaim,

exclaim, whose gross and material conception can form no idea of the sentimental feasts, which the savage derives from a mind feelingly alive to the wonders of Nature ; whose lively gratitude worships, with joyous veneration, every object that contributes, by its utility, to his welfare, or soothes by its beauty, or by its grandeur elevates the soul.

Several gentlemen of the fleet had the curiosity to pay a visit to the sacred seat of these divinities, about fifteen miles up the country. At the top of a steep hill they were met by the priest, by whose instruction they laid aside every warlike weapon, and throwing themselves three times prostrate on the earth, kissed the consecrated ground three times. After this preliminary, they descended to the margin of a fine lake, in the center of which was a small island, the enchanted abode of the deified ducks. Here the holy guide made a signal, and the gods, obedient to the charm, approached him, and perched with fluttering fondness on his head and shoulders.

He then made them a long oration, the purport of which, as he informed the gentlemen, was, that the persons who came to consult their sacred oracle, were Englishmen ; *that Englishman, Joannama, were all one brother* ; that they were bound to the East Indies, to fight the French, the Dutch, and Hyder Ali ; and that they begged to know if their passage would be prosperous, and whether they should prove victorious over the French, Hyder Ali, and the Dutch. To these queries

queries the *duck-deities* * delivered a propitious response, and after pecking, in a very friendly manner, a few crumbs from the hands of their foreign visitants, dismissed them with the most favourable omens.

These deities are by no means unprofitable to their priest, the organ of their responses, who lives in rustic luxury on the offerings of such of the credulous countrymen, who come to learn the fate of their strayed cattle, or to consult the oracle on matters no less important. And indeed so high is the opinion generally entertained of the supernatural powers of the consecrated ducks, that even the jealous *monotheist* Mussulman cannot always resist the temptation of profiting by their prescience; but like ill fated Saul, is sometimes betrayed into a sinful trial of diabolical sagacity.

The Mussulman religion, which is professed by the Arabian race of Joannamen, and a numerous class of indigenous proselytes, wears at Joanna a milder and more tolerant aspect than in any other country addicted to the doctrines of Mahomet. They gave us leave to enter into their mesgids, or mosques, on condition of taking off our shoes, a freedom which the faithful allow to infidels in no other part of the Mussulman world. If we talked
to

* Let no man sneer at the poor Joannaman's *duck-deities*. They are a very harmless kind of gods. I never heard the words jealous or vengeful, or any other angry epithet, added to their name; and certainly, their worship is much cheaper, and not a bit more ridiculous, than the poor-grinding worship of the *vache-cheval*, still prevalent in Europe.

to them about religion, they generally replied, your religion is very good for England; our's is very well for Joanna. This liberality of sentiment, however, so contrary to the inflexible nature of faith, and to the jealous infallibility of revealed religion, is, I suspect, only a *damnable relick* of good-natured paganism in the common people; for however usual such expressions were in the mouths of the vulgar and illiterate, several of those of better education were as intolerant bigots as ever bowed beneath the yoke of superstition.

Conversing one day with a Joannaman, who still called himself Captain of the Prince of Wales's Guard, I chanced to ask him, with inconsiderate levity, whether he did not worship Mahomet? The Mussulman took fire at the question, and replied, with much warmth, that he worshipped no mortal! that God only was the object of his adoration; that eternal, simple, indivisible God, who had no father, mother, nor son, as the Christians foolishly imagined. I asked him, whether he thought the Christians would be punished in the next world, for these irreverent opinions of the Deity which he supposed them to entertain? He replied very coolly, *he believed they would be damned*. How, said I, can you really be so cruel and unfeeling as to send us to hell fire and everlasting torments, for a mere difference in opinion? Did we ever invade your property, maltreat your persons, or violate the sacred rights of your *baram*? Do we not, on the contrary, conduct ourselves towards you with a
scrup

scrupulous regard to the strictest rules of probity and decorum ? All that, replied the Mussulman, in a mild accent and nodding assent, is very well ; but added, with a shake of the head, and in a tone of voice the most expressive of abhorrence, *You eat de pork, and you drink de rum !*

To eat pork, and to drink rum, may be regarded by a Christian as actions the most harmless and indifferent ; but then let us remember, that the things of godliness are not to be comprehended by the weak intellects of man ; for can aught, for example, be more innocent and inconsequential, than to eat an apple, and yet by eating an apple, have not our first parents devolved on their latest posterity, the dreadful curse of sin, and consequent damnation ? Pious sectaries of Moses and Mahomet, continue to admire, in unshaken belief of the divine mission of your respective prophets, the wondrous decrees of Heaven, which hath been pleased to exercise our faith by confounding our understanding !

The true faith was introduced to this island about 500 years ago, according to their account, by an Arabian apostle. If this be true, it must furnish matter of surprize, that paganism should still continue the most universal mode of worship, when we reflect on the fervent and contagious spirit of fanaticism ; and when we remember with what facility the simple worship of Nature has been subverted by the zealous and disciplined votaries of faith.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

ALAS ! and must I then depart ?
 And can this true, this tender heart,
 Survive a blow so fell ?

Ah ! may the struggle rend my heart ;
 Ah ! may my trembling soul depart,
 In the falt'ring, faint farewell.

Soon alas ! soon must I leave thee ;
 Soon these unrivall'd charms resign,
 Far, far from thee, by cruel fate condemn'd,
 Forlorn wretch to pine.

By fate, imperious fate constrain'd,
 I quit thy fond embrace ;
 No more perhaps thy darling swain
 Shall thus his lov'd Eliza strain,
 No more her beauties trace.

No more from this vermillion lip,
 Love's voluptuous juice I sip ;
 Nor liveliest image of the bliss,
 The melting, moist, impassion'd kiss,
 On thy mellow mouth impress.

No more caressing and caress'd,
 I clasp this lovely round
 By Cytherean magic bound ;
 Nor on this bosom sink supremely blest.

Relent-

But still to tasteless life and little cares con-
sign'd,

To rapture past reverts my wretched mind ;
And 'midst the pangs of absence tofs'd,
On joys elaps'd I'll think, and all Elysium lost.

HUMOROUS ACCOUNT OF THE RECEPTION WHICH CHAR-
LEMAGNE AND HIS TWELVE PEERS MET WITH AT
THE COURT OF HUGO, EMPEROR OF CONSTANTINO-
PLE.

ON their return from the holy sepulchre, Charlemagne, with his twelve peers, pass'd on their way home, through the capital of the Greek empire. The emperor Hugo received them with royal hospitality. He invited them to a magnificent banquet, at which were present the queen his spouse, his sons Henry and Tiberius, and the fair Saqueline his daughter, together with a brilliant assembly of the Greek nobles, of both sexes. After the company broke up, the emperor himself conducted his guests to a superb hall appointed for their repose. In the midst of this apartment was a magnificent bed, destined for Charlemagne, and round it, at equal distances, twelve others for his peers.

Undressed and abed, Charlemagne finding himself in a good humour, propos'd to his peers to pass the *word of fun*, before they went to sleep ; and in order to put them in train, he began himself the first. This the antient French romance, from which this story is extracted, calls *gaber*, or
to

to brag. The thirteen *gabs* were so many gasconades.

Charlemagne boasted, that with one back-handed blow of *Joyous*, his good sword, he could cut clean through the middle a man clad in complete armour of the finest steel. Roland, that with one blast of his horn he would cause to tumble down fifty toises of the palace wall. Oger, that by pulling with his little finger, a string which he should tie to the great pillar in the middle of the hall, he would overthrow that and the whole edifice together.

The other *gabs*, much in the same strain of gasconade, I pass over, in order to come to that of Olivier. This young lord, of amorous complexion, enchanted by the charms of the fair Jacqueline, declared loudly, that were she by his side, the night should not pass away before she had fifteen times experienced in his arms the warmest proofs of his affection. Having finished their *gabs*, the gasconading party fell asleep, highly satisfied with their ideal prowess.

Their repose perhaps would not have been so sound, had they been aware of the consequence. A man concealed in the cavity of the great pillar, which, as I observed, stood in the middle of the room, overheard their discourse. The emperor, curious to know their private conversation, had placed him there before they retired to rest. The spy, provided with all the necessary keys, took the opportunity of their being plunged in a profound sleep, to steal out without noise. He repaired in-

stantly to the emperor, who waited for him with impatience. Enraged at their narrated infatuation, the king swore they should execute, to the very letter, whatever they had boasted themselves able to perform, or that he would hang them up without mercy.

Next morning early, an herald came, and delivered this order. Charlemagne, at first, did every thing that lay in his power to make up the business, representing that what they had said was only in mere play ; but still, they replied dryly, the *brags* must be accomplished, for such is the king's pleasure. Fired at length with indignation, at their treating his excuses with so little respect, very well, replied Charlemagne, your master shall be satisfied. Whatever firmness he might have affected in dismissing the herald, he was nevertheless at bottom extremely embarrassed, not being able to imagine how he and his peers should get rid of so disagreeable a scrape.

It was his custom, on all extraordinary occasions, to have recourse to Omnipotence. He failed not to implore, on this occasion, the assistance of Heaven. Having retired to his chamber, he began to pray fervently, with the tears in his eyes. The Angel Gabriel, deputed to console him, promises him, in the name of the Lord, that all the *brags* should be accomplished, but cautioned him to beware of boasting so extravagantly in future. A few moments after the Angel had taken his flight, came in person, followed by his principal officers, the emperor himself, hardened

as

as Pharoah, and summoned him and his twelve peers to perform instantly, on pain of hanging in case of failure, the marvellous things of which they had boasted themselves capable. I am ready, replied Charlemagne; and I, answered every one in his turn, Naymes, Roland, Oger, Richard the fearless, and the rest. Olivier, above all, gay and merry as a grig, requested that the fair Jaqueline should be brought to him without delay; ready to undergo the penalty in case he failed within the time limited to make good his boast. The virgin shall be given you this evening, said king Hugo, and to-morrow we shall know from her whether you are able to count as far as fifteen. Meanwhile, added he, in expectation of your exploits, let us see what your master and comrades can perform. You, Charlemagne, begin; that honour belongs to you.

Charlemagne, confiding in the angelic promises, made his trusty sword *Joyous* whistle round his head, and with a single blow cut through the middle, as easily as if it had been a turnip, a man who was placed before him, clad in complete armour of fine steel. Heaven would have been equally faithful to Naymes, to Roland, to Oger, to Emeri, to Bernard, to the archbishop Turpin, to Richard, to Berenger, to Garin, to Gerard de Mondidier, and to Ganelon, if the facility with which Charlemagne executed his boast had not made the emperor afraid that the rest would accomplish their *brags* in the same manner. Happily for his daughter, he had not so good an opi-

nion of Olivier, whose enterprize appearing more difficult than any of the others, he permitted him the proof, in order that the rash youth, failing in the attempt, might pay with his life for all the rest. The appointed hour being come, the fair Jaqueline, previously bound by an oath, to declare on the next morning the truth, and nothing but the truth, was laid in a magnificent bed. Olivier did not let the fair lady languish for his arrival. The princess demanded first of all the bridal troth. He gave it willingly, and grateful for the honour done him, promised her to return, in less than ten hours, fifteen solid acts of thanksgiving. And indeed one might have supposed, that with the assistance of Omnipotence, he could not fail of going as far as fifteen, and even farther. Nevertheless, the sincere chronicle relates of the valiant knight, that having pushed on as far as twelve, his enfeebled limbs began to double under him, and that unable farther to proceed, he prayed the fair Jaqueline to permit him a little repose. In fine, after he awoke, his utmost efforts could carry him no farther than thirteen. He asked quarter for the rest, and petitioned the noble princess to add two more to his account, when the king should come in the morning to enquire after the labours of the night. The charitable Jaqueline granted his petition, and was true to her promise. Thus the pity of the princess saved him from the fatal consequence of an extravagant boast, which his own excellent natural abilities,

abilities, enforced by the aid of Omnipotence itself, could not enable him to accomplish, though that aid was announced by an angel, who was wont to impregnate maidens uncompresied, and who caused, by the word alone, immaculate virgins to bring forth !

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

[We do not mean in our concise but comprehensive account of parliamentary proceedings to narrate any debates but such as refer to objects of national importance. Our political annals will exhibit to the intelligent Reader, in a style clear tho' laconic, the successive movements by which the Constitution of this Country verges towards Despotism, or reverts to Independence.]

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

May 21.

Mr. Sheridan begged leave to present a petition from the inhabitants of Glasgow, praying a reform in the royal boroughs. Similar petitions from other places were presented by Lord Maitland, and other members. Deferred the further consideration of the business till next session.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

May 14.

HIS MAJESTY'S SPEECH ON THE DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I cannot close this session of parliament without expressing my entire approbation of the zeal
and

and assiduity with which you have applied yourselves to the important objects which I recommended to your attention, and at the same time returning you my particular thanks for the proofs which you have given of your affection for me, and for my family and government.

The assurances which I receive from foreign powers of their good disposition to this country, and the continuance of the general tranquillity of Europe, afford me great satisfaction; but dissensions unhappily prevail among the States of the United Provinces, which, as a friend and well-wisher to the Republic, I cannot see without the most real concern.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

The cheerfulness with which you have granted the necessary supplies, and the ample manner in which you have provided for the several establishments, demand my sincerest thanks.

I see, with particular satisfaction, that you have at the same time been able to furnish the sum annually appropriated to the reduction of the national debt, without imposing any new burdens on my people.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I reflect with peculiar pleasure on the measures which you have taken for enabling me to carry into effect the treaty of navigation and commerce with the most Christian king, and for facilitating the collection, and simplifying the accounts of the various branches of the revenue, which I trust will

will be productive of the most beneficial effects. And I rely upon your using your best endeavours in your several counties, to carry into effect the measures which have been taken for the prevention of illicit trade, and to promote good order and industry among every class of my subjects.

Then the Lord Chancellor, by his Majesty's command, said,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

It is his Majesty's royal will and pleasure, that this parliament be prorogued to Tuesday, the thirty-first day of July next, to be then here holden; and this parliament is accordingly prorogued to Tuesday, the thirty-first day of July next.

N E W S.

FROM the Hague we hear, that a request has been proposed to the States of Holland, of a very serious nature, the principal article of which is, "To suspend the Stadtholder from his offices, and that of admiral-general, and to deprive him of his revenue!" This was proposed in council the 25th of May.

Extract of a letter from Sienna, in Tuscany, dated
May 2.

"Reformation in religion goes on fast. Now a synod of all the Tuscan bishops is sitting at Florence, to the great sorrow of the Court of Rome. On the last day of April, all girls educated

ed in convents were sent home by sovereign order, and henceforward no nun can profess till the age of thirty. The grand duke has abolished all court etiquette, such as kneeling, kissing hands, &c."

Extract of a letter from Livorne, May 5.

"By a Ragusian vessel from Algiers, we are informed, that within the space of twenty days in the course of last month, upwards of 4,000 people have been carried off by the plague; and that when they left that place, upwards of 300 persons died daily. Notwithstanding this mortality, the corsairs of this regency have commenced their courses, and have already taken three Neapolitan vessels. The Neapolitan commissary repaired immediately to the Dey, and complained against this infraction of the truce which had been concluded, and which did not expire before the end of this month. The Dey replied, that that short suspension of hostilities, regarded only the *Neapolitan men of war* !"

By letters from Vienna, of the 12th of May, we learn, that there is at present at the court of Constantinople a negociation on foot, relative to the projects of the empress of Russia. The court of France takes a decided part in this negociation, and Mr. de Bulgakow, the Russian ambassador at the Porte, has of late prodigiously lowered his tone. The empress discovers every day more and greater obstacles to the plan of her aggrandizement than she at first imagined.

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Designed & Etched for the British Mercury.

MOSES, erecting the Brazen Serpent.



Snake in the Desert.

Pubd June 23^d. 1787. by J. Ridgeway. N^o 106. Piccadilly

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BRITISH MUSEUM



THE
BRITISH MERCURY.

No. IV.—June 23, 1787.

OF THE SERPENT THAT TEMPTED EVE.

THIS serpent has given rise to a great variety of opinions, and to much philosophical disquisition. After all, the matter remains still undecided; the personality of the serpent is still unfixed and unappropriated. I hope it will not be thought strange that I should also add my feeble efforts to the labours of so many learned men, in order to clear up a mystery, in which it hath pleased the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, to involve the perdition and the happiness of the human race. At least it will not furnish matter of surprize, that I also should wander in a labyrinth, where wit and science and learning have lost their way.

I shall lay it down then, in the first place, as an indisputable position, that the devil was the paradiseal serpent which tempted our first parent.

But which of the devils was it ? For you know, my brethren, that there are a great many legions of devils. Was it Lucifer, for instance, or Belzebub, or Baal-Peor ? For my part, I am positively of opinion, that the last mentioned demon was the very identical devil which corrupted our grandmother Eve.

Baal-Peor, as the learned reader cannot but know, is compounded of two Phenician or Arabic words, Baal and Peor ; the first signifying lord, and the latter having the same meaning with Priapus, Penis, or Pego, words apparently derived from it. Now we find, that even in this degenerate age, when Lucifer, or the demon of Ambition and Vanity, and Belzebub, or rather Baal-Zebub, or Lord-Lucre, have acquired so great an ascendancy in the female mind ; yet even now, I say, the number is not small of those generous damsels, who, trampling on the fordid temptations of Lucifer and Baal-Zebub, prostrate themselves only at the shrine of mighty Baal-Peor. But how much more powerful over the mind of mother Eve must have been the influence of this demon ! She, simple woman ! never had seen a coach and fix ;—never had heard of *bulges*, of pin-money, or of any settlement but one. Nature only was familiar to her eyes : natural desires alone predominated in her heart. Exalted by the ambrosial food which the Garden of Eden afforded in abundance, her juices, rich, copious, and refined, flowed with sweet and amorous facility through her veins. Wherever her eyes turned, they met with
images

images of love ; sparrows expiring on the branches in oft-repeated bliss ; bulls acting, in luxuriant pasture, their lusty loves ; rams——but hold the luscious description. I see, ladies, you are agitated. I shall therefore content myself with observing, that no place was ever better calculated than the Garden of Eden, to dispose a lady's mind to the influence of Baal-Peor.

You will also observe, that Baal-Peor is the same with Priapus, the god of gardens. Hence this demon possessed, from his local situation and authority, a greater opportunity than any other demon, of corrupting our first parent. And here I have an excellent occasion of displaying my vast mythological knowledge and erudition ; and it is, I confess, with difficulty that I can forbear overwhelming the reader with all the lead of five hundred Dutch commentators. But I will not take advantage of the opportunity, as I am firmly persuaded that he will readily and candidly confess, that I have already proved, by irrefragable arguments, the proposition with which I set out, viz. That Baal-Peor was the very identical serpent that tempted our great grand-mother Eve in the garden of Eden.

But who ever heard that Priapus, at any time, made his appearance in a shape so flexible and loose, or what temptation could Baal-Peor offer to a lady in a form so feeble, nerveless, and flacid, as that of a serpent ?

I confess, my lovely, learned lady Betty, the full force of your objection. Priapus, in fact, was

always represented by antient statuary and painters, as rigid and erect, and such he is always depicted by the poets. Horace mentions him with *prætentæ falce*. Ovid says it was *tam dura quam cornu*, as hard as a horn; and a thousand testimonies to the same purpose might easily be collected from Tibullus, Catullus, Ausonius, and a thousand writers, grave and austere, as well as lascivious and loose. Such he was represented by the Egyptians and the Greeks, and such I myself have seen him, not without a certain religious horror, in the Gentoo temples on the coast of Malabar, where he still predominates under the name of Madu, or Deva Lingum, over all the other gods, whether Jewish, Pagan, Mussulman, or Christian. I confess, I say, my dear lady Betty, the force of your objection, did it regard a common reptile, an ordinary serpent. But the serpent which tempted Eve was quite another thing. Nor can I compare it to any thing, but to the brazen serpent which Moses erected in the desert, after his wives and mistresses ran away with their Irish* valets-de-chambre, leaving the poor patriarch in the greatest distress of body and of mind.

And see here in the first page, my sweet ladies, this formidable serpent. This is the tempting devil, the devil incarnate, that corrupted mother Eve. View it well, in profile and in front; consider attentively the height and the depth, and the width and the circumference of your grandmother's temptation; measure it, pray

* Our correspondent must mean Egyptian.

pray do, my dear Susan,——with your garter, and tell me ingenuously, my 'sweet girls, what modern Eve of you all could resist so potent a temptation?" "None, none, none." "Bravo! my charming creatures; may your ingenuous confession be rewarded every night of your lives by a similar temptation!"

ACCOUNT OF THE NATIVES OF JOANNA, AN ISLAND
IN THE AFRICAN SEA.

(*Extracted from the Materials of a Voyage to the East Indies in 1781, with some Account of the Manners, Customs, History, Religion, Philosophy, &c. of Hindostan; a Work intended for the Press.*)

(*Continued from No. III. p. 87.*)

THE Arabian race are held in high estimation, and excell, in general, the Aborigines in dignity and opulence; not that they ever conquered the island, which the Joannamen deny, but because a nation like the Arabs, instigated by the enthusiasm of religion, and by the energetic indigence of civilized life, could not fail of obtaining a decided superiority over a people, rude as they were, simple, unambitious, and of consequence inert. A nation, urged to action by the demons of science and superstition, are as much superior to the savage, and for the same reason, as a maniac is more powerful than a man in his sober senses.

The elevation of one of their own race to the regal dignity, gave the Arabico-Joannamen a considerable degree of influence. The grandfather of the present king was an Arabian by birth,

birth, who, having gained the good graces of the reigning prince, married his daughter, and after his decease was appointed to the vacant throne by the people, whose affections he had acquired. Since that event the government has become hereditary, which was formerly elective. In the rude times of the Aborigine kings, the royal dignity was the reward of personal majesty, superior stature, and extraordinary strength.

The kings of Joanna were formerly lords paramount of all the Commara Islands. Molalia, an isle somewhat larger than Joanna, first asserted her independence. Her example was soon followed by the other isles, and the Joannaman prudently relinquished pretensions which he knew he was unable to support.

The hardy sons of Mayotta alone, whose superior bravery the Joannamen very candidly confess, and who are no less ardently desirous of enjoying their native rock with independence than the neighbouring islanders, have made frequent, but hitherto unsuccessful attempts to vindicate their freedom. They are at present in a state of rebellion. Perhaps it may not be impertinent to give a short account of the rise, progress, and usual catastrophe of the Mayotta wars, which I shall deliver in the manner, and as near as I can remember, in the very words of the musti, or high priest of Joanna, with whom I had some conversation on this subject. The Joannaman was at some pains, as the reader will perceive, to
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suit his narration to my capacity, by the adoption of certain English idioms and phrases.

“ The prince of Mayotta (says the mufti) fits down to dinner with the grandee-men. After dinner they push about the tadé.* Their heads grow giddy : the earth wheels round. The prince, starting from the ground in a rage, swears, ‘ damn his eyes if he pay a single grain of paddé† to the king of Joanna, or to any body else.’ The grandee-men rise up, brandishing their swords, and staggering after the prince, applaud his resolution. War is welcomed by the populace with loud shouts, who denounce vengeance on that damned rascal Joannaman, for daring to exact tribute from the freeborn men of Mayotta. All this is reported to the king of Joanna. He sends over a great number of soldiers in boats : Joannamen and Mayottamen fight. The latter, who have only stones and rude weapons, and native bravery, to oppose to the musquetry and Arabian arms of the Joannamen, are at length overpowered, and run away. The prince of Mayotta hides himself, sends a present to the king of Joanna, and begs his pardon. The king of Joanna accepts his present, forgives him, and the prince of Mayotta is content to pay his tribute of paddé as before.”

A ridiculous incident happened while we lay at Joanna, which afforded us no small share of mirth. Purser Jack, one of the king’s officers, whose province it is to regulate the market, and

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* Palm wine.

† Rice in the husk.

to dispose of his Majesty's cattle, a personage well known to every body that has been at Joanna, became enamoured of a certain female adventurer, who was bound with her stock of charms to the grand emporium of beauty, Bengal. Purser Jack, in the true stile of mercantile expedition, immediately addressed himself to the captain of the vessel, aboard of which his charmer was embarked, urgent to enter into an immediate negotiation for the lady, who was too prudent, in his opinion, to reject an advantageous and present offer, for the chance of a distant and precarious market in the East Indies.

The captain having communicated to the lady the proposal of purser Jack, they agreed to practise a joke on the credulous Joannaman. Purser Jack was introduced into the round room, and after a succulent repast, with copious libations of the jovial god, which the captain pressed upon the half-reluctant scruples of the hypocritical Mussulman, had furnished Cupid with a *quantum sufficit* of inflammables, the lady burst upon her lover in all the bright effulgence of premeditated beauty. To describe the satyr-like grin and prurient gesticulation of purser Jack in the presence of his mistress, would puzzle the pen of Cervantes or Le Sage.

But the captain put a speedy period to this dumb scene, and coming to close quarters with his gallant, demanded whether he was willing to purchase the commodity, which he valued at one thousand guineas as the lowest price.

Heli-

Hesitating a long time between avarice and inclination, the Joannaman tried in vain to lower the market; but at last impelled by the united powers of Ceres, Bacchus, and Venus, and moreover inflamed by the furtive glances which the fair charmer shot from time to time at her sable inamorato, (for Purser Jack is of the Aborigine race) he surrendered at discretion, and consented to pay the immense sum at which the lady was put up.

Every thing seemed ultimately settled, when the whole negotiation was totally subverted, by the obstinate discordancy of the parties with respect to some articles of the marriage contract. On one hand, Miss, tenacious of her freedom, insisted upon stipulating for herself, the privilege of walking abroad-unveiled, of receiving and returning the visits of her countrymen, when they came to Joanna, with other innocent immunities of the same kind: while on the other hand, purser Jack heard her propositions with abhorrence, and absolutely refused to relax the sacred discipline of the *haram*. And thus the match was unexpectedly broken off, to the great mortification of the Joannaman, who then regretted, as a grievous disappointment, what perhaps in his cooler moments he might consider as a fortunate escape.

Since we have been led to mention them in this place, it may not be improper to anticipate the narration a little, by giving some account of those female adventurers, who carry, with their venal charms to the East Indies, a flagrant thirst of wealth and ostentation.

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When the ladies arrive in India, they are immediately received by those to whose care they were consigned, or in case by some accident they should happen to be carried to a settlement for which they were not intended, they can hardly fail, however, of meeting with somebody generous enough to grant them hospitality and protection. The first three days after their arrival are spent in the ceremonial of what they call *the sitting up*. During that time, the lady seated on a sofa, at the extremity of the verranda,* and richly decorated, receives the compliments of the genteel people of the place, and endeavours to play off her accomplishments and her charms on the gentlemen, who hurry with eager curiosity to examine the person of the new-comer.

(*To be continued.*)

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WE had prepared a most particular, pompous, and wonderful account of this unparalleled exhibition, which we were obliged to omit in our last Number for want of room.

As the matter is now rather a little too stale for our town readers, we beg leave to subjoin, for the benefit of such of our country cousins, whom the melody of eight hundred fiddlers and philomels could not allure from the dull enjoyment

* An open gallery, where they generally dine and receive company.

ment of their family and friends, a short account of the most interesting particulars of the several performances, couched, for the sake of brevity, under one head.

“ He sent a thick darkness over all the land,” was admirably sung by Harrison. The king and queen joined the melody of their voices to his; and the Royal pair seemed exceedingly thankful to the Lord, in that he had “ sent a thick darkness over all the land !”

“ Their land brought forth frogs” to be omitted, by order of Mr. Pitt, in all future performances, as he says it contains a scandalous libel on French commerce and reciprocity.

“ Total eclipse !” was sung most pathetically by Harrison. Several of the auditors, male and female, fainted with extasy; which is by no means to be wondered at, when we consider, 1st, the extreme heat of the day;—2dly, the exhalation, perspiration, and evaporation of near three thousand men and women, many of whom were broken winded, shut up in a charnel-house,—not to mention the cadaverous steam which issued from three thousand pericraniums, plentifully plaistered with bear’s grease.

“ Behold ! I tell you a mystery ; we shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet.

“ The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.”

At the din of the trumpets the ground began, in several places of the Abbey, to tremble

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and heave. Several of the credulous deceased, who imagined that the last trumpet summoned them from their graves, burst from their tombs. Death followed fast after the fugitives, and soon, with jailor like rigour, recommitted them to their narrow cells. "Ay, ay," cried a sceptic corpse, (some said it was the Dean of St. Patrick's) just peeping through a crevice in his grave, and grinning, infidel-like, at the credulity of his brother mummies—"Ay, ay, I always believed it was a mere hambug!"

After the consternation which this strange phantom occasioned had a little subsided, the performance was resumed.

Mara sung with exquisite sweetness, "Sing ye to the Lord." But the lord chancellor heeded not the syren. The heart-melting melody wandered ineffectual in the *deep and crooked* labyrinths of his wig. He looked sullen and vengeful, *like the wicked serpent that will not be charmed, though the charmer charmeth never so wisely.*"

The following anthem was, by his lordship's earnest request, omitted to be sung with the other Hebrew maledictions.

"He that grindeth the faces of the poor; he that trampleth on the needy; he that mingleth wormwood and gall with the bread and water of the prisoner; he that delighteth to add to the rigour of laws, already barbarous and unjust, may his food be turned into bile; may invincible harpies hover o'er his anxious repasts; may an eternal Incubus smother his repose; let him wake
amidst

amidst the terrors of the night ; let the merited curses of the oppressed pursue him to the pit ; let him sink into the earth like a vapour fœtid and noxious, amidst general abomination and stopping of the nose !” Amen.

COMMOTIONS IN HOLLAND.

THE fury of discord instigates her sanguinary hounds. Already she has had a foretaste of blood. She burns to glut herself with slaughter ; to sweep, with civil rage, this miserable country !

The Prince of Orange has at length thrown off the masque of moderation, and by assuming, in his letter of the 2d inst. to the States, the sovereign style of William *by the Grace of God, &c.* has confirmed, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the accusations of the patriots, and plainly told the world, that he affects the supreme power in a state whose servant he is.

A great majority of the nation, however, in which are included the most respectable order of citizens, are decidedly against him. The small number of hirelings and dependants, attached to his person rather than to his cause, act feebly and with diffidence against the voice of the people. He depends, it is said, on the assistance of the Emperor and King of Prussia. But we hardly believe, that the Emperor will dare to break with the Court of France, which most decidedly will support the Republic. The present Emperor's

unpopularity, and the general dissatisfaction of his subjects, ought to make him cautious of engaging in a war with a nation which, in every contest with former Emperors, has been able to raise a powerful party in Germany itself. The utter extinction of his commerce and marine power (objects which he has so much at heart) must be the inevitable consequence of a rupture with France.

Should Great Britain indeed accede to a league with the Emperor and King of Prussia, the balance would, no doubt, be more equal. But we trust that the arms of this country will not be tarnished in the cause of usurpation and tyranny ; we flatter ourselves, that the ministry will not dare, against the voice of the people, to plunge an exhausted nation in the horrors of an unnecessary war.

We have a great deal to lose, and can possibly gain nothing. Our tottering dominion in India is detested by the country powers, whom we have taught the art of war, and who will seize with avidity, the first occasion to accelerate its ruin. The little that remains to us in the new world will soon be swallowed up by the Americans, who cannot refuse, and who, in fact, are bound in gratitude to assist France.

Now, on the other hand, the event of the approaching contest, whatever it may be, cannot affect unfavourably the interests of this country. For one of these three suppositions must take place, either the Dutch will rise from the present

sent struggle to their former independence, or their country will be dismembered by, or what will have the same effect, be subjected to the power of foreign states ; or lastly, they will fall under the dominion of a domestic tyrant. In the two latter cases, they would cease altogether to rival us in commerce, which, in Holland especially, nothing but the spirit of liberty can support. Nor would foreign powers find their account in the division of a morass, from which the feeble and dispirited efforts of a nation of slaves could not possibly repel the invasion of the sea.— But should the Republic, as we ardently wish may be the case, recover her former independence, an enlightened consideration of her real interest will bring her back, (should a favourable change take place in the politics of this country) to her antient alliance with Great Britain ; and thus the cause of liberty would be strengthened in Europe, and the balance of power be established on a firmer foundation.

R E V I E W.

Kingsweston Hill, a Poem. By Thomas Hobhouse, A. M.

WE have seldom met with a poem, in which rural images are portrayed with such elegant precision and classic propriety of style and versification. The numbers in particular possess an un-

common degree of sweetness and varied melody. The ingenious author proves himself master also of that melancholy pathos, which accords so well with scenes of pastoral tranquillity. Of this the reader, we dare say, will not be displeased with the following specimen :

“ WHERE ancient Trim in pebble-paven floods,
Reflects the verdure of o’er-hanging woods ;
A genial villa rose between the trees,
The seat of beauty, competence, and ease.
There lovely Sylvia woo’d a mother’s praise,
Fair opening in the bloom of vernal days ;
Saw Nature, breathing sweetness thro’ the land,
Blush in the berry, in the leaf expand ;
With silver streams reviv’d the drooping flow’r,
Or fed the plummy warbler of the bow’r ;
In calm retirement pass’d her gentle prime,
Fearless of ill, unconscious of a crime.
By chance Eugenio came, his noble race
Shone in the blooming beauties of his face ;
In him was Sylvia by reflection shown ;
Congenial merit link’d their hearts in one.
The youth then first the gen’rous passion fir’d ;
Then first the virgin wish’d to be admir’d.
By wily love were frequent meetings fram’d ;
More pleas’d they met, and parted more inflam’d.
Short are our joys ; Eugenio’s haughty fire
To distant Naples bade his son retire.
When the full sail receiv’d the springing gale,
What tortur’d thoughts the lover’s breast assail !
Contending passions, each by turns, engage

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Th' impatient youth, love, jealousy, and rage;
 This way and that with rival strength they tear;
 Then join tumultuous all, and finish in despair.
 Six days a calm had smooth'd the tardy seas;
 In Biscay's Bay the vessel courts the breeze;
 Hark!—the dread thunder, with a furious crash,
 Splits;—o'er the gloom the forky meteors flash;
 The black cloud bursts, all Heav'n descends amain;
 In floods on floods, and joins the watry plain;
 As on the deck Eugenio standing ey'd
 The ridgy horrors of the desp'rate tide,
 A sudden wave, the messenger of death,
 Sweeps from the ship, and whelms him underneath.
 Meantime the father, anxious for his son,
 Trembles to hear some deed of horror done;
 Now pride, now fondness, the stern contest held,
 By turns repelling, and by turns repell'd;
 When the fav'd servant, from the wreck restor'd,
 In his chill'd ear the fatal tidings pour'd.
 What mingling griefs the parent's look confess'd!
 He rav'd, he tore his hair, he beat his breast.
 But Sylvia silent melancholy seiz'd;
 What joys can practise on a mind diseas'd?
 In vain fair gardens, to attract her eyes,
 Swell in the sun, and shed a thousand dyes.

Unseen she moans; or bids her sorrows suit
 The low sad warblings of the dying lute.
 When awful night broods o'er the conscious skies,
 And careless sleep has seal'd officious eyes;
 What time still moonlight, at the haunted hour;
 With softer beauties decks the silver'd flow'r;
 Forth stealing, she enjoys a sad relief,

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In the full license of luxurious grief.
 There lies a vale, whose deep-sequester'd sides
 The Trim with melancholy flow divides ;
 Where dusky woods, encircling all around,
 To gloomy calmness consecrate the ground.
 There the fair mourner nightly joys to rove,
 Vents all her griefs, and gives a loose to love ;
 On the cold ground dissolv'd in tears she lies,
 Or kneels, in silent anguish, to the skies ;
 Or lifts, where Philomela's warblings flow,
 In sad congeniality of woe.
 Then fancy aids the terrors of the gloom,
 Heightens the true, and bids ideal come ;
 From every shade a beck'ning arm she sees,
 And Sylvia's name resounds in every breeze.
 Now, on the couch reclining, ev'n in sleep,
 Her restless thoughts their waking horrors keep ;
 The slow hearse stalks, where, near some aisle's
 dark rounds,
 Deep charnels groan with more than mortal
 sounds ;
 The fable pomp descends—*Eugenio's* name
 She reads—a sudden tremor chills her frame ;
 She wakes—but, wakeing, seeks a vain relief,
 Plung'd in a sad reality of grief ;
 From fearful nights, to days of woe returns ;
 For ever murmurs, and for ever mourns.”

We could have wished that the elegant panegyrist
 of Kingsweston Hill had not given to the cruel
 amusements of the huntsman and angler, the
 sanction of his verse. Poets should ever be the
 advo-

advocates of universal benevolence, and should endeavour, by the primitive innocence of their sentiments, to temper the cultivated ferocity of civil life. We believe also, that almost every reader of taste would be glad, were the author to substitute, in a future edition, some image of rural elegance, for the politico-religious effusion, beginning with "*But should a man, &c.*" ending with "*And sceptic fury, &c.*" The angry disputes of party should not disturb the tranquillity of the man,

—————Who to the shades retires,
Whom ease invites, and social friendship fires ;
Who traces wisdom's unassuming plan,
Grateful to God, benevolent to man.

LORD GEORGE GORDON'S TRIAL.

WE think it highly proper, that the representatives of crowned heads and sovereign states should be, as they are in effect, protected by the laws of this country. Count D'Adhemar, injured by Lord George Gordon, ought certainly to be vindicated by our laws ; for Lord George Gordon, injured by Count D'Adhemar, could also call him to account. But what right has the king or queen of France, or any other king or queen, not amenable to the laws of this country, to claim their protection ? Could Lord George Gordon, or any other Englishman, injured by the king or queen of France, institute a suit, either

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in this country or in that, against the offender, and compel him to justice ? By no means.—Why then, nor should the king or queen of France be permitted, in this country, to prosecute an individual, who cannot, if injured by them, procure a legal redress. Justice should ever be reciprocal, and no man should derive a benefit from laws, whose authority he disclaims.

Such are the dictates of reason, equity, and freedom, in contradiction to the servile and slave-like language of the attorney-general, on this occasion, whose tongue seemed admirably formed to lick the dust from the feet of a *grande monarque*.

We must therefore consider, as injurious to the constitution of this country, and as subversive of the liberty of the press, the permitting any foreign prince to bring an action, in our court, against any subject of Great Britain whatever.

Every free nation has been highly jealous of suffering foreign princes to intermeddle with their domestic politics. When the blustering Emperor of Germany insisted, (with terrible denunciations of wrath, in case of refusal) that their High Mightinesses should punish certain writers, who, in the Dutch gazette, had taken improper liberties with his Majesty's reputation, the phlegmatic Dutchmen replied, that by the constitution of their country, the liberty of the press was inviolable, and that they would not, for any consideration whatever, violate the constitution of their country. When the late King of Prussia request-
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ed George II. (of happy memory) to prevent the torrent of abuse, which, for some time, our papers were accustomed to vomit on the character of Frederick the Great, his Majesty sent him in reply, a collection of pamphlets and newspapers, in which he himself was infinitely worse treated than the King of Prussia.

We do not intend, however, by any means, to give our sanction to the unmerited or unmannerly abuse of any prince or potentate whatever. But the petulance of our writers should be reformed, not by force, but by a revolution of principles and morals, effected by mild persuasion and pious proclamations. And here we cannot help expressing our admiration of our godly sovereign's late edict, against the gospel-hating practice of eating rolls and butter in coffee-houses on a Sunday ; an edict that will be read with uplifted eyes, and ejaculations of praise, by all the old women of Scotland, and which will descend to posterity as a production of consummate godliness and devotion, not unworthy of the most zealous and sanctimonious Hebrew prince of them all, from David down to Hezekiah.

LA BAGATELLE.

IRISH BIRTH DAY ODE.

OUR Irish bard was determined, for the honour of his country, not to be out-blundered by
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the English laureat, who has assigned to Chaucer the celebration of the battle of Agincourt, an event that happened ten years after his decease. Here follows a specimen of Paddy Laureat's blundering abilities.

Thee with *one united mind*,
Thee the *neighb'ring isles approve*,
England, Ireland, *France* combin'd,
Join'd by traffic, peace and love.

We say properly enough, *with one mind*, with one accord, &c. but with *one united mind*, is something new. With one united mind, Paddy! *United* to what? Yes truly, very closely *united* to nonsense.

Thee the *neighb'ring isles approve* :
And so then, our august sovereign's fame, which we supposed had spread from "pole to pole," has only penetrated, in the Hibernian bard's opinion, as far as the Isle of Shiteland and the Hebrides. But no; we beg his pardon; the islands which form the theatre of his Majesty's renown, are, as he tells us, in the third line, England, Ireland, and *France*. This is the first circumnavigator who has been able to determine that France is an island! But perhaps the bard might mean *l'Isle de France*, the Island of France, and thus all is very well.

England, Ireland, France, combin'd,
Join'd in traffic, peace and love.

Not satisfied with *combining* lovingly in the third
line

line, England, Ireland, and France, he proceeds (the Hibernian bard) to *join* them together in the 4th line, justly apprehensive, no doubt, that such heterogeneous materials would not stick together, except he first *cemented*, and then *glued* them.

Sir Elijah Impey has set off for the Continent. This is the second trip he has taken for *the benefit of his health*.

Lord George Gordon has also disappeared for the same motive.

We have advice from Lochaber, that Lord George Gordon has taken possession of the summit of Scooroolan, a very high and much celebrated mountain in the neighbourhood of that place. He is attended by the whole tribe of the Macraus, that heroic clan, who some time ago defied, from the top of Arthur-seat, the legal power and military force of Great Britain. They have renewed the solemn league and covenant which, in days of memorable godliness, the Scotch had formed with the God of Isaac, Jacob, and Abraham.

Lord George, assisted by a converted Ex-Jesuit, have drawn up the articles of the contract, and great care has been taken to leave no loop-hole for fraud in the writings, that the Jewish God may not, from some informalities, take occasion to elude his part of the obligation, which they say was the case in the covenants entered into with him, by the gulled Hebrews, as well as by their choused Caledonian predecessors. The

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covenant

covenant is to be inscribed, like that of Moses, on *Hibernian brass*.

After the usual preliminaries, "thou shalt be our God, and we will be thy people," &c. it proceeds to the following *credos*, [and resolutions :

"We believe, that the garden of Eden was situated in the Highlands of Scotland, somewhere in the district of Lochaber.

"Resolved, That the breeches are an abomination to the Lord; that the phellibeg is the only holy, godly, and christian-like dress; a dress which was delivered, by God himself, to our first parents, in the garden of Eden, in the district of Lochaber.

"Resolved, to propagate the use of tartan to the ends of the earth, and to exterminate, by fire and sword, whatever nation or people shall impiously refuse to encompass their buttocks with a phellibeg.

"The whore of Babylon shall be ***** to death, &c. &c. &c."

We hear from Ramsgate, that company comes down apace. The *hospitable* inhabitants, in order to accommodate *the foreigners*, as they call their yearly visitants, have already begun to retire to their summer-houses in the garden, i. e. the temples of Cloacina, over which they have built an apartment where they all *pig* together in genuine patriarchal confusion, men, women, cats, dogs, jack-asses, &c.

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Vandergucht, it seems, has been playing the part of the Archangel Gabriel. He wanted to palm his cast-off mistress on Des Enfants, but Des Enfants was not *infant* enough to play the part of Joseph.

SONGS OF THE MADECASSI, OR INHABITANTS OF THE
ISLAND OF MADAGASCAR.

Translated from the French of the Chevalier de P——.

IN our Second Number we gave a translation of one of these songs. But as on perusing them attentively, we found that they contained a most exact and entertaining account of the manners and opinions of the Madecassi, or inhabitants of Madagascar, we thought that an entire translation would not be unacceptable to the curious, in the history of the human species.

“ The Madecassi, (says the Chevalier de P——.) are benevolent and hospitable. Those who inhabit the sea-coast are, with reason, distrustful of strangers, and in their treaties with them, take all the precautions that prudence, or even subtle policy can suggest. The Madecassi are naturally gay. The men live idle, while the women work. They love passionately music and dancing. I have collected, and translated some of their songs, which may give an idea of their manners and customs. They are ignorant of verse; their poetry is only a kind of measured prose. Their music is simple, sweet, and always melancholy.

SONG FIRST.

" Who is king of this country ?—Ampenani.—Where is he ?—In the royal house.—Conduct me to him. Do you come with open hand ?—Yes, I come in friendship.---You may enter.

" I greet the Chief Ampenani.---White-man, I return your salute, and I prepare for you a good reception. What do you seek here ?---I come to see the country.---The country is open before you, and your steps are unconfined. But the shadow begins to descend, the hour of supper is come. Slaves, spread a mat upon the ground, and cover it with the large leaves of the banana. Bring rice, milk, and mellow fruits from the tree. Approach Nelahé ; let this stranger be served by the most beautiful of my daughters. And you, her younger sisters, exhilarate his repast by your dances and your songs."

SONG SECOND.

" Comely Nelahé, conduct this stranger to the next hut. Spread a mat upon the ground ; let a bed of tender leaves rise upon the mat. Then let fall the *pani* which covers your youthful charms. If you behold in his eyes the desires of love ; if his hand gently presses thine ; if he draws thee sweetly towards him ; if he says, ' Come, lovely Nelahé, let us pass the night together,' then do you sit upon his knee. May his night be filled with rapture ; may your's be full of joy ; nor do you leave him till the reviving day shall permit you to read in his eyes the melting pleasures of his soul."

ROYAL

ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

LETTER OF A CHINESE PHILOSOPHER, SOJOURNING IN ENGLAND, TO HIS FRIEND CHANG YANG SIEN, A MANDARIN AT PEKIN; CONTAINING OBSERVATIONS ON THE MEANING AND TENDENCY OF A LATE PROCLAMATION.

SINCE my arrival here, illustrious Chang Yang Sien, almost four years ago, I have been witness to a perfect revolution in the politics of this country.

Another revolution seems ready to take place in the religious sentiments of the people. And this happens in the natural course of things, for slavery and superstition are twin sisters, and inseparable companions. Despotic princes have need of cruel gods to sanction their oppressions, and an evil genius in heaven is not unaptly represented by a tyrant upon earth. Some recent occurrences in this country give rise to these reflections.

With us, as thou knowest, my dear friend, the Emperor, as father of his people, frequently instructs them by his royal admonitions, and points out to the several classes of his subjects, their respective moral duties. The king of this country also exercises, though seldom, the same office. He has, at this moment, in a very solemn proclamation, availed himself of the privilege. He be-
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gins his edict by lamenting, in a very serious manner, the decline of virtue, and the rapid progress of vice and immorality in his dominions. He then enjoins his subjects, as they shall answer to Almighty God, and under pain of his Majesty's high displeasure—But can you guess, my dear friend, what it is that he enjoins them ? To practise justice and equity, no doubt you will answer ; to pay a most implicit obedience to parental authority ; to treat their servants with lenity, their women with tenderness and respect ; to relieve the griefs of the poor and broken-hearted, and to act towards all men with humanity and meekness.—No such thing, my dear Chang Yang Sien. His Majesty's ire is excited solely by the profanation of Sunday, or the Lord's day ; and those awful menaces are pointed against certain profane wretches, who have the impiety to frequent caravanserahs of a Sunday ; to play a game at chess, or perhaps to pass an idle day with their mistresses, in dancing on the green. Such are the mighty crimes which excite his Britannic Majesty's indignation ; such the enormous transgressions that call down on a sinful land, the vengeance of Omnipotence !

You may perhaps imagine, that this may be a political restriction, prudently imposed on the licentious pleasures of a people, extremely dissipated and idle. No such thing, my dear friend. The body of the people are the most laborious set of beings on the face of the earth. Six days incessant

incessant labour hardly enables them to procure a bare subsistence, after the cruel demands of a griping government are paid. The seventh day, appointed by their laws a respite from labour, and which should serve to exhilarate the minds of a people depressed by anxiety and toil, is thus, on the contrary, converted into a day of penance, of melancholy, of disgust, infinitely more oppressive than the preceding labours of the week.

In order to explain to you the local cant and jargon of an edict, which, no doubt, you will be much at a loss to comprehend, it will be necessary to go back to a remote period in the annals of this people.

Their Saxon progenitors professed a religion modified, though somewhat barbarously, on the feelings which beneficent Nature has impressed on the human heart. The seventh day of the week they dedicated to the sun, that glorious being, whom I name with religious veneration. A joyous gratitude directed the merriment of a day, devoted to so beneficent a deity.

In process of time, however, the direful superstition of a little tribe of Arabs, whom prudent Nature had buried, as it were, amidst the barren rocks of Arabia, began, with astonishing rapidity, to pervade the provinces of Asia and of Europe. It arrived late at this island, but its progress was rapid. SUN-DAY was converted by the apostles of this new superstition, into a day of holiness for their divinity, and the manner in which it was celebrated, mysterious, mournful, and sad, corresponded

responded exactly to the atrocious character of a demon, whose worship was founded upon fear; who delighted in the sufferings of the human race, in the agonies of the lower ranks of animals, and whose cruelty was dreadful, even to the chosen people whom he pretended to patronize.

The horror of this religion, however, gradually mitigated by the influx of science, and corrected by the arts, was beginning to assume an aspect less severe.

But this edict, couched as it is in all the rankness of former fanaticism, threatens, if followed into effect, to recall the horrors of superstition and bigotry, in which, about two centuries ago, this unhappy country was involved.

The edict has also another important object in view; to check, and perhaps entirely overturn, under the specious pretence of suppressing licentious publications, the liberty of the press. Caricature (a burlesque species of engraving, of which I sent you, in a former letter, a specimen) is beyond a doubt the most expeditious and convenient mode of communicating an idea of personal or political ridicule or information. Hence several prosecutions have been already commenced on the part of ministry, against certain venders of prints. And the vengeance of government will soon, in all probability, begin to operate on the other branches of the typographic art.

In fine, my dear friend, I long to return to my native country. Inflamed by the juvenile thirst
of

of knowledge, and panting to unlock those boasted repositories of philosophy which the Europeans pretended were only to be found in their country, I quitted my native soil, contrary to the wise maxims of our sages ; contrary to the salutary purpose of Nature ; in direct contradiction to that unerring instinct, which trembles to relinquish, which languishes to return to the natal spot, conscious that there only the human heart can be satisfied with bliss, there only find repose.

I have travelled in pursuit of knowledge over the greater part of Europe, but my hopes have been miserably disappointed. The Europeans, my friend, are excellent jugglers : they can walk upon their heads ; they can fly in the air ; they can teach an ass to dance, and give intelligence to pigs ; in short they can turn nature upside down, but they are totally unacquainted with the science of government ; they have no philosophy, no certain principle of morals. As a proof of the first assertion ; there is not, from one end of Europe to the other, a single example of a government, modelled on *family æconomy* ; and as to their principles of morality, you may easily guess, illustrious Chang Yang Sien, what an absurd system of ethicks that must be, which is founded on a fantastic tale (of which I formerly gave you an account) of an old woman who ate, in the garden of Eden, an apple that God had forbidden her to touch !

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I.

How happy we live, jolly Priests of Apollo,
No cares do we know, and no business we follow,
Save to gobble the dainties as fast as we're able,
Which starv'd Superstition serves up at our table;
Save to pass round delighted the jovial jug,
And to press the fair lasses with an amorous hug.

II.

For riches the seamen to foreign parts roam,
But wiser we plow with their heifers at home;
For wealth the dull cit incessantly plods,
But careless we live, and we're fed by the Gods:
For the Gods—to be sure, 'tis an excellent jest—
By the Priest they were made—they were made for
the Priest.

III.

How happy is our's to the fate of the nation!
We fatten on tythe—they are tax'd to starvation:
But let 'em look blue, it is our's to be blithe,
While they're tax'd to starvation, we fatten on tythe.

So

So pass round, jolly fellows, the jovial jug,
And press the fair lass with an amorous hug.

IV.

And then we possess the blind laity to gull,
Of *recipes* godly a budget brimful ;
We talk much of virtue, look wonderous wise,
And turn up devoutly the white of our eyes :
But we pass round in private the jovial jug,
And we press the kind lass with an amorous hug :

V.

Of miracles too we've a powerful array,
Mighty strange ! to be sure—but who dare 'em
gainfay ?
For our records are written in cramp Arâbic,
And the wonders were wrought at the De'il's
A—e-a-peak :
So hand round, my fellows, the jovial jug,
Here's a hearty success to the Holy Humbug.

*A knocking is heard at the gates of the temple—the Priests rise
in great consternation—toss into a bag the fragments of the Feast.—
The Ladies scamper from the table, and enter into the Statues of the
Gods, with which the Sanctuary is filled. The High Priest
touches with his wand the table, which is immediately converted
into an altar.*

Cætera desunt.

30 AU 65

F I N I S.

